The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 138. Vol. XXIII. MARCH, 1903. Price Sixpence.

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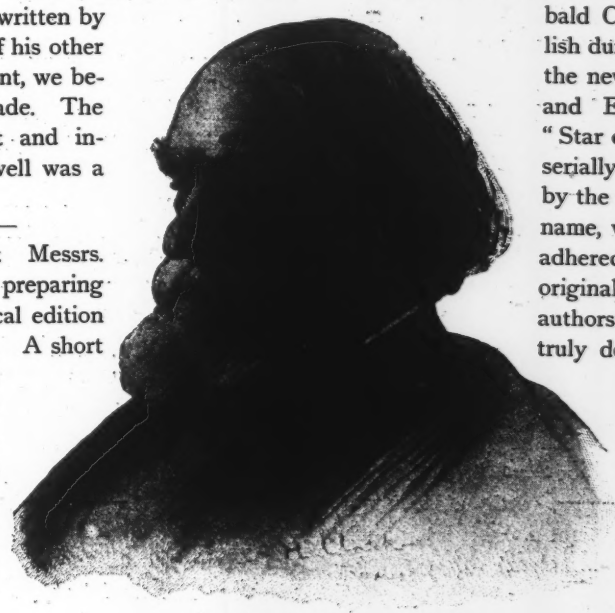
The April issue of "The Bookman" will be a special Robert Burns number. Orders should be booked without delay to ensure copies being obtained, as the demand for this number will no doubt be very large, and it cannot be reprinted.

News Notes.

The cover of the present issue, which is taken from an original drawing by A. Garth Jones, is reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Methuen and Co.

It is much to be hoped that a memoir of the late Professor Cowell will be written by Mr. C. W. Moule or one of his other friends, but no arrangement, we believe, has as yet been made. The materials are abundant and interesting. Professor Cowell was a great letter writer.

We understand that Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. are preparing to publish a bibliographical edition of Mrs. Gaskell's novels. A short book on Mrs. Gaskell is being written by Miss Flora Masson, who contributed the excellent article on Mrs. Gaskell to the last edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. No full memoir can be published. Mrs. Gaskell expressed a desire that no full biography of her should be written, and this wish has been sacredly respected by her daughters.



DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE.
From a Drawing by Alfred Houghton Clark.
Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd., from "Memories of a Hundred Years," by Edward Everett Hale, a review of which appears in another column.

We hear that Mr. Maurice Hewlett's new novel will run as a serial in the *Pall Mall Magazine* before being published in book form.

Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle have gone to the Riviera, and will not be back in town until May. They hope to make considerable progress while away with the new novel they are now writing.

Under the title "The Star-Dreamer," Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co. will publish during the last week in March, the new romantic novel by Agnes and Egerton Castle, which, as "Star of Comfort," is now running serially in the *Queen*—this latter, by the way, was only a provisional name, which, by an oversight, was adhered to in that periodical. The original title selected by the authors (and, curiously enough, as truly descriptive of the theme of their story as "The Star-Dreamer" itself), "A Garden of Simples," was only abandoned when it was found to have been secured for a singularly different book. The spirit of "The Star-Dreamer" is mistily revealed in "The Argument"

which the authors use as a preface to their pages—lines from Keats' "Endymion":—

"I have clung
To nothing, lov'd a nothing, nothing seen
Or felt but a great dream! I have been
Presumptuous against love. . . . . !
Against his proper glory
Has my soul conspired; so my story
Will I to children utter and repent. . . . . .
Here will I kneel, for thou redeemest hast
My life from too thin breathing; gone and past
Are cloudy phantasms!"

Arrangements have been made with Mr. Rudyard Kipling for the publication of a new book to contain the songs in "The Just-So Stories," with musical settings from the pen of one of the most popular of English composers.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts has been travelling in Algeria with Mr. Arnold Bennett, and intends going to the Riviera to "harden off" before he returns to England. He has been seriously ill, but is now well on the road to recovery.

The success of Mrs. Nesbit's first novel, "The Red House," will, it is hoped, encourage her to repeat the experiment. So far, her reputation has been made on her short stories and children's books, and "The Red House" has brought her into touch with a new public.

Mrs. B. M. Croker's new novel, "Her Own People," is to be published this autumn in England and America.

We understand that Mr. Graves, the assistant editor of the *Spectator*, has joined the staff of *Punch*.

Mrs. Puddicombe, the author of "A Welsh Witch," has just finished a new novel, which is to be published in the course of the autumn.

"Romance," the new novel which Mr. Joseph Conrad has written in collaboration with Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, is to be published in the autumn. An abridged version will appear serially prior to book publication.

Mr. Barry Pain has gone to Egypt for a short holiday. He is to write for a daily paper a series of sketches on the humorous aspect of his travels.

Mr. H. G. Wells has finished a new novel, which is to begin its serial publication in the course of the year in one of the monthly magazines. It is in the vein which produced "The Time Machine" and "The War of the Worlds," but the new book has throughout the plot a strong human interest, with a love-story involved, a feature which will not make it less popular with the larger body of novel readers.

While the Booklovers' Library is arranging to revolutionise our circulating library system on the best American plan, a group of English business men are going to try their hand at reforming the business of bookselling. Their aim is to make their profit, not by pinching the publisher, but by bringing to the business of bookselling more special skill and knowledge. It remains to be seen whether the experiment will succeed. The more books are displayed and recommended the better they will sell.

Mrs. Effie Hamilton Freemantle is executing a new and complete translation of the works of Heinrich Heine. It will be prefaced by an exhaustive memoir from the pen of the translator, and will be published by Mr. Freemantle on behalf of the Forum Press. Mrs. Freemantle was introduced to Heine by the Canterbury edition of translations of some of his most popular poems, and she has made a special study of his books for years. She considers the existing translations unsatisfactory, and hopes to give the public an adequate version.

Mr. Leonard Merrick has completed a new novel which is called "The Quaint Companion."

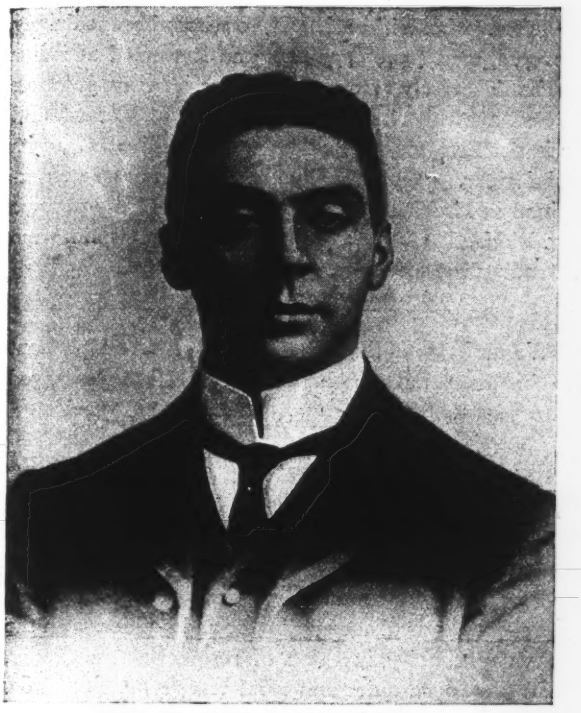
"The Letters of a Self-made Merchant to His Son," by Mr. George H. Lorimer, an English edition of which has just been published by Messrs. Methuen and Co., was issued some little time ago in America, where it has already circulated to the extent of some seventy thousand copies. The heads of large business houses are, it is said, giving it away to their clerks, and buying it for that purpose in quantities of anything between five and a thousand copies.

Mr. Richard Bagot, the sales of whose recently-published novel "Donna Diana" are now, we understand, in five figures, has gone away to Italy for two or three months to complete the MS. of the new novel in the writing of which he has been engaged for some little time. This new novel will be published serially in one of the monthly magazines, and will afterwards be issued in book form by Mr. Edward Arnold.

Messrs. Frederick A. Stokes Co., of New York, are just about to publish an edition of Mr. R. S. Hichens' last novel "Felix," which, in Messrs. Methuen and Co.'s hands in this country, has had so good a sale.

Miss Una L. Silberrad, author of "The Success of Mark Wyngate," has recently completed the MS. of a new novel entitled "Petronilla." It is probable that this will be published in book form during the forthcoming autumn season.

Mr. J. Eveleigh Nash, whose portrait we reproduce in these pages, commenced business as a publisher in the autumn of last year. He is a Scotsman by birth, and received his early training in the house of Messrs. John Menzies and Co., the whole-



MR. J. EVELEIGH NASH,

Who commenced business as a publisher on his own account in the autumn of last year.

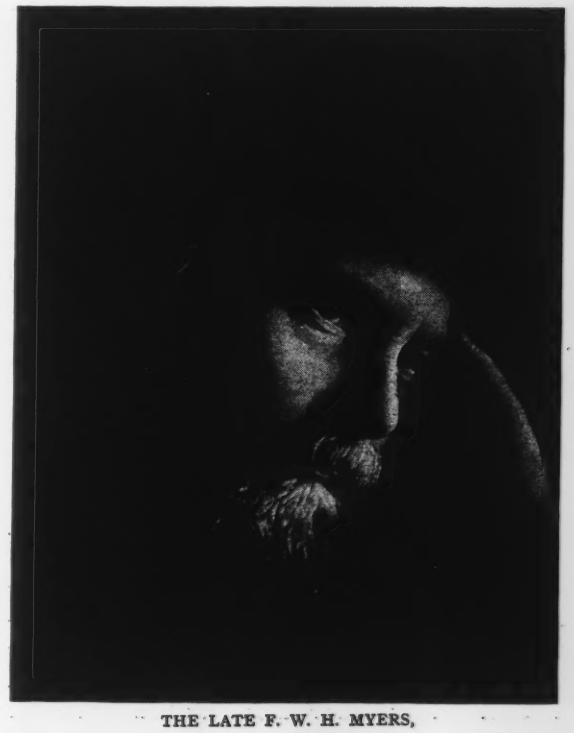
Photo by W. & D. Downey.

sale booksellers and publishers of Edinburgh, who have always remained his good friends, and are now sole agents for his publications in Scotland. After coming to London he held responsible positions in the firms of Messrs. Sands and Co., and Messrs. Frederick Warne and Co. He was for some years a literary agent, but gave up the business to become one of Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co.'s literary advisers. For some time Mr. Eveleigh Nash was the representative in London of the Frederick A. Stokes Company of New York. This position he was also obliged to abandon when starting business on his own account. The most important book which he is to issue this spring will be "The Love Affairs of Mary, Queen of Scots," by Major Martin Hume, the author of that successful work, "The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth," which he believes will cause a stir among the worshippers of Mary Stuart. He also expects to have a great demand for a book which will be entitled "The Diary of a Year: Passages in the Life of a Woman of the World," edited by Mrs. Charles Brookfield; and has arranged to publish novels by Mr. Arthur Morrison, the late Bret Harte, and Mr. Percy White. His first publication, "The Promotion of the Admiral," a book of humorous sea stories by Mr. Morley Roberts, has had a most encouraging reception.

Mr. John Long will shortly publish a new book by Mr. J. S. Fletcher, entitled "The Arcadians." It is half-novel, half-essay, and deals in an amusing and philosophic fashion with the life of a literary man who forsakes London for a retired life in the country. It is illustrated with several pictures of village scenery in Yorkshire by Mr. G. P. Rhodes.

Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co. will shortly commence the publication of a complete illustrated edition of the Works of Charles Lamb, edited by Mr. William Macdonald. A distinctive feature will lie in its profuse illustration and appropriate daintiness of setting. Not only will the edition contain the well-known "Elia" drawings by Mr. C. E. Brock (some specimens of which are reproduced in this number), and those made by Miss Winifred Green for the children's books, but also reproductions from all the quaint engravings which accompanied some of the books on their original appearance, together with topographical drawings by Mr. Herbert Railton, and a large collection of portraits of Lamb and his contemporaries. Another important feature will be found in the arrangement of the material. In previous editions there has been very little effort to introduce order and method among the various miscellaneous writings, but in this edition they will be gathered from all sources and subjected to careful re-arrangement. The set will consist of twelve volumes, and will include the "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets," many hitherto unpublished letters, and a Biographical and Critical Memoir by the Editor.

We record with much regret the death of Dr. Birkbeck Hill, the eminent Johnsonian scholar. Dr. Birkbeck Hill, who was born in 1835, had for some time



THE LATE F. W. H. MYERS,

A review of whose work, "Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death," appears in this number.

(Reproduced by kind permission from a photograph by Mrs. F. W. H. Myers.)

MISS HARRIET JAY,
A review of whose Life of Robert Buchanan will be found in another column.
(Reproduced from "Robert Buchanan," by kind permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.)

been in very bad health. It was thought, however, by his doctors that an operation would restore him. Unfortunately, other troubles developed, and for some weeks there has been no hope of his recovery. Dr. Birkbeck Hill is best known as a Johnsonian scholar. His edition of Boswell and the accompanying books are a huge storehouse of information, and will not readily be superseded. Perhaps Dr. Hill was too copious in his annotations, but he wrote for lovers of Johnson. We are afraid he has not lived to complete his edition of the "Lives of the Poets." Few books are more needed than a thorough and scholarly edition of Johnson's masterpiece. But Dr. Birkbeck Hill's interests in literature were wide and various. For many years he was an active schoolmaster, and his first connection with journalism was with the *Saturday Review* under the editorship of Mr. Philip Harwood. For Mr. Harwood he used to write many scathing notices of novels. Mrs. Lynn Linton was usually credited with these, and incurred much ill-will in consequence. This connection with the *Saturday Review* terminated on Mr. Harwood's retirement, but Dr. Birkbeck Hill was always proud of it, and would refer to it in conversation. In private he was most genial, accessible, and communicative. His great stores of knowledge were at the disposal of every serious enquirer. Mrs. Birkbeck Hill, to whom he was deeply devoted, died some time ago, and it seemed as if her husband scarcely recovered the loss. In the Johnson Club Dr. Birkbeck Hill took the keenest interest, and it is needless to say that he was looked upon as its chief glory. Occasionally the members were entertained in his house at Hampstead, but for some time Dr. Birkbeck Hill's weak health prevented him from attending the meetings.

We understand that large orders for the supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica are being received from Japan.

Mr. M. P. Shiel, the author of "The Yellow Danger," is, we understand, now engaged in writing a new novel for serial publication in one of the morning newspapers.

Few London suburbs have suffered more at the merciless hands of the speculator and builder, with the consequent noisy invasion of residential multitudes, than the once quiet and rural village of Edmonton. The transition from old to new has been particularly marked during the last ten years. Another work of demolition to-day threatens the existence of Bay Cottage, in Church Street, Edmonton, where Charles Lamb spent the last year or two of his life, and whence his mortal remains were carried to the quiet corner of the churchyard almost opposite. There is every indication that the present work of destruction is but the first part of a building scheme which will necessitate the

A PORTRAIT OF MISS ADA ELLEN BAYLY
("Edna Lyall"), the popular novelist who died at Eastbourne a few weeks ago after a long illness.

absorption of "Lamb's Cottage," as the little place is now styled, but it is devoutly to be wished that some effort may be made to save this last earthly home of the

gentle Elia, for with it are bound up associations that are very dear to the many lovers of the essayist and his accomplished sister, and to this little shrine not a few make a pilgrimage each year.

It was in the early part of 1833 that Charles and Mary Lamb removed from the house of the Westwoods at Enfield to Bay Cottage, Edmonton, as boarders with a Mr. and Mrs. Walden. Whilst living at Bay Cottage Lamb saw through the press the series of articles which had been contributed principally to the *London Magazine* under the title of "The Last Essays of Elia." This work, in fact, closed his literary career. In this home the Lambs were visited by many friends—Carey, the translator of Dante, and author of the beautiful lines that appear on the stone marking Lamb's grave; Talfourd, Crabb Robinson, John Foster, Proctor, Moxon the publisher, and others. Lamb often accompanied his visitors, on their return to town, as far as the old Bell Inn (of John Gilpin renown), with its once spacious yard and gardens, now wholly disappeared, where they enjoyed a parting glass together before the town-speeding friend or friends joined the London coach.

There is an interesting point in connection with the residence of Charles and Mary Lamb at Enfield which so far seems to have escaped the attention of biographers and commentators. When, in the autumn of 1827, the devoted brother and sister removed from Colebrook Cottage, Islington, to Enfield, they resided at the house of Mrs. Leishman, at Chase Side, where they had often stayed as paying guests. This dwelling, known as "The Poplars," is still standing, though it has been considerably altered since Lamb's time. Later they took lodgings next door, with "an honest pair, Dame Westwood and her husband." Writing to a friend, Lamb says: "We have both had much illness this year, and feeling infirmities and fretfulness grow upon us, we have cast off the cares of housekeeping, sold off our goods, and commenced boarding and lodging with a very comfortable old couple next door to where you found us." In another letter Lamb speaks of this home as being "forty-two inches nearer town." But the pleasant little square-built dwelling generally regarded as having been the home of the Westwoods, and at the present day known as "Westwood Cottage," is not on the London side of "The Poplars," but on the opposite side, and would be forty-two inches *further* from town. On the London side of Mrs. Leishman's house, and closely adjacent thereto, is a modest little, old-fashioned, timber-built cottage standing back from the road, and the question arises, was this the house of the Westwoods, or was Lamb's description of the location of their new lodgings an example of his extravagant humour, meant to confuse his friends? Attempts have been made to solve this seeming riddle, but so far without success.

New Writers.

MRS. KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON.

MRS. KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON, whose remarkable first novel, "The Circle," is reviewed on another page, was born in the South of Ireland, and in the South of Ireland spent most of her life up to the time of her marriage. Since then, she has lived in England, and has grown to consider this her home in the fullest sense of the word, although she has never quite lost the sentiment for her own country, that dwells so lastingly with every Irish man and woman.

Being an only child, Mrs. Thurston was never sent to

MRS. KATHERINE C. THURSTON,
Whose remarkable first novel, "The Circle," is reviewed in another column.
Photo by The Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

school, but was educated privately at home, and in looking back she makes no claim to have been the interesting or precocious child from whom its relatives "expect things."

A strong appreciation of outdoor life, a love of dogs and horses—of all animals, indeed—and a great devotion to the sea, as she knew it on the rugged Irish coast, made up most of the amusements and ambitions of her childhood; of writing she never thought, and though books appealed to her very early in life, the idea of writing one never crossed her mind.

It was only three years ago that literary work was first suggested to Mrs. Thurston by her husband, and after twelve months or so of somewhat laborious

attempts, she sent up her first finished story, and was lucky enough to have it accepted. Since then—April, 1901—Mrs. Thurston has contributed to the *Pall Mall Magazine*, the *Tatler*, *Sketch*, etc. She commenced "The Circle" in September, 1901, and completed it in the spring of last year, when it was accepted by Messrs. Blackwood in England, and by Messrs. Dodd, Mead in New York. In reference to the American publication, a rather unusual incident postponed the appearance of "The Circle" in the United States from January 17th, the date first fixed, to February 9th. The corrected proofs of the book being forwarded from here in December reached New York safely; it was then the task of Messrs. Dodd, Mead to send them from New York to Boston for purposes of printing. By a curious chance the mails containing the packet were robbed—and the proofs lost. The publishers, however, anticipate no ill results from the mishap or the delay. This edition of "The Circle" is illustrated by the American artist Reginald Birch.

MR. J. J. BELL.

MR. J. J. BELL, a review of whose book, "Wee Macgreegor," appears in this number, is the son of Mr. James T. Bell, senior partner in the firm of Messrs. J. & F. Bell, the well-known tobacco manu-

MR. J. J. BELL,
Author of "Wee Macgreegor."
Photo by T. and R. Annan and Sons, Glasgow.

facturers. He was born in Glasgow some thirty years ago, and received the ordinary education of boys of his class. In 1895, whilst at the Glasgow University, Mr. Bell essayed his first efforts in literature, which were chiefly in verse, and a year later he became editor of the *Glasgow University Magazine*. In 1898, he was appointed assistant editor of *The Scots Pictorial*, and during this and the subsequent year published two books, the "New Noah's Ark" and "Jack of All Trades" (London: John Lane). These volumes consist of clever jingling rhymes for children, and reveal the intuitive knowledge of child-life which is apparent in "Wee Macgreegor." About this time, Mr. Bell contributed frequent sketches, verses, and short stories to several of the leading London magazines, and also wrote regularly in the columns of the Glasgow *Evening Times*, the *People's Friend*, and the Glasgow *Weekly Herald*, and so great was the demand for his work that he abandoned his editorial appointment in order to devote his whole time to writing. In 1900 *The Scots Pictorial* Publishing Co. issued another small booklet of verse, entitled "Songs of the Hour," which was inspired by the prevalent war spirit, this being his last separate publication prior to "Wee Macgreegor." Although only published about three months ago, 60,000 copies have already been sold of this clever book, and a new edition at half-a-crown, illustrated by Mr. A. S. Boyd, is now in the press. Meanwhile, admirers of "Macgreegor" will be glad to know that his sayings and doings are still an occasional feature in the columns of the Glasgow *Evening Times*. Mr. Bell is also bringing out shortly a small volume of verse.

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

JANUARY 20TH TO FEBRUARY 20TH, 1903.

The prevailing briskness has been a welcome feature of the trade during the past month, and although we are at present in what may be termed a period of between times the amount of business transacted has proved satisfactory. A great quickening has also been experienced in the output, and it would appear that the spring season is yearly becoming more popular with many of the large publishing houses.

The issue of 6s. novels has been rather numerous, and although there has been no work of pre-eminent interest the sales of many have been very successful. Amongst the productions which call for special notice may be mentioned, "The Circle," "Lord Leonard the Luckless," "The Shutters of Silence," "The Little White Nun," and "The Pit"; several of the more popular of the Christmas issues are still in constant demand.

In 3s. 6d. fiction the two leading lines have been "Truth," by Emile Zola, and Mr. Dooley's "Observations," the latter having appeared to be quite as appreciated by the public as the former volumes by the same author.

Biography has been successful in "The Life and Times of Georg Joachim Goschen," and the cheaper reissue of Thomas Henry Huxley.

Few personal relations of prison experience have attracted so much notice or caught on so well with the public as "Penal Servitude," by W. B. N. Probably to a great extent owing to the frequent comments of the press, the demand has been so extensive that it has been difficult to keep up an adequate supply.

XUM

A volume of Lord Lilford's "Notes on Birds," edited by Mr. Trevor-Battye, has proved very successful and has been much in request.

Another of those humorous volumes of Froissart's Modern Chronicles has appeared, and soon circulated briskly, bidding fair to be as much in favour as the previous volume.

Two of the most popular items of the month have been in Theology, "The Miracles of Jesus," and "The Wisdom of James the Just," and whilst the former, by the Bishop of Stepney, has scored the greater success, the latter, by the Bishop of Ripon, has continued to be in constant request.

Always one of the most popular of Tolstoy's novels, "Resurrection" has sold very largely in consequence of the recent dramatic adaptation.

The "Unspeakable Scot" is again dominating the "egregious English" in the form of a small book entitled "Wee Macgreegor," which having rapidly run through several editions in the braw North, has now reached the Southerner, and is taking on to a considerable extent.

The death of Miss Baily ("Edna Lyall") has been a distinct loss to the literary world, and although her later works have not reached the measure of success to which her earlier issues attained, they were always safe lines for stocking purposes. An increased demand has been experienced for the more popular issues, such as "Donovan," "We Two," and "Won by Waiting."

With the Temperance Question so much to the front, the appearance of a book on the Heresy of Teetotalism has called forth a considerable amount of attention.

Several Lenten publications have appeared, but in no case do the sales call for special notice.

Whitaker's Almanack and several other of the popular works of reference have continued to be in frequent demand.

Various annotated editions of the Education Act continue to circulate freely.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand throughout the past month:—

Six Shilling Novels.

The Circle. By K. C. Thurston. (W. Blackwood.)
The Pit. By Frank Norris. (Richards.)
The Shutters of Silence. By G. B. Burgin. (John Long.)
Lord Leonard the Luckless. By W. E. Norris. (Methuen.)
The Little White Nun. By Mrs. C. N. Williamson. (White.)
Four Feathers. By A. E. W. Mason. (Smith, Elder.)
Reflections of Ambrosine. By Elinor Glyn. (Duckworth.)

Just So Stories. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Truth. By Emile Zola. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)
Observations of Mr. Dooley. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
Goschen (Georg Joachim), Life and Times. By Viscount Goschen. 2 vols. 36s. net. (J. Murray.)
Huxley (Thomas Henry), Life. By his Son. 3 vols. 12s. net. (Macmillan.)
Penal Servitude. By W. B. N. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Froissart's Modern Chronicles, 1902. By F. C. Gould. 3s. 6d. (Unwin.)
Lord Lilford on Birds. By A. Trevor-Battye. 16s. net. (Hutchinson.)
The Miracles of Jesus. By the Bishop of Stepney. 6s. (Isbister.)
The Wisdom of James the Just. By the Bishop of Ripon. 6s. (Isbister.)
Resurrection. By Tolstoy. 2s. (Richards.)
The Unspeakable Scot. By T. W. H. Crosland. 5s. (Richards.)
The Heresy of Teetotalism. By E. Thorne. 6s. (Simpkin.)
Edna Lyall's Works. 3s. 6d. each. (Hurst and Blackett.)
Wee Macgreegor. By J. J. B. 1s. net. (Simpkin.)
Whitaker's Almanack. 1s. net and 2s. 6d. net. (Whitaker.)
Kelly's Handbook to the Titled Classes. 16s. (Kelly's Directories.)
Hazell's Annual. 3s. 6d. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Weekly Summary of the Wholesale Book Trade.

Week ending.
Jan. 24—A good week.
,, 31—Brisk in Home Trade, but somewhat slacker in Export.
Feb. 7—Very satisfactory in all departments.
,, 14—Sales well maintained.

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(2) SCOTLAND.

January 20th to February 20th, 1903.

Booksellers usually expect the season under review to be one of the quietest of the whole year, and certainly their anticipations were fully realised. Trade was dull, and no work of such importance was issued as to excite general interest. Perhaps the most noteworthy feature was the remarkable sale gained for the humorous volume, "Wee Macgreegor," portraying graphically artisan life in Glasgow. At the time of writing this report this work had attained a circulation of 60,000 copies, and the demand continues as brisk as ever. The sales of almanacs and year-books were prominent in orders received, and of these mention should be made of the growing popularity of Whitaker's and the continued vitality of Oliver and Boyd's publications. The six-shilling novels gaining attention were Barrie's "Little White Bird," Connor's "Glengarry Days," Mason's "Four Feathers," Williamson's "Little White Nun," Capes' "Castle in Spain," Glyn's "Reflections of Ambrosine," and a novel by a new writer, of more than usual power, entitled "The Circle." At five shillings, "The Countess Londa," by Guy Boothby, and "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," were the most successful novels. On account of the lamented death of Edna Lyall, the various editions of her more popular works were much in request. Two biographical volumes published at popular prices had many purchasers, namely, "James Chalmers of New Guinea," and "Gipsy Smith." The phenomenal sale of "The House with the Green Shutters" attracted attention to the life of its gifted author, George Douglas Brown.

Two rollicking sea stories, well worth perusing, came to hand, "Outside and Overseas," by G. Makgill, and "The Promotion of the Admiral," by Morley Roberts.

In religious literature the sales of the late Professor Davidson's two volumes continued, as was also the case with the abridged edition of "John Wesley's Journal," but the most noteworthy book issued, in this connection, was Professor Flint's "Agnosticism," published by Messrs. Blackwood.

A brisk sale was obtained for "The Flowers of Scot-

tish Song," issued in paper cover at sixpence, and for a volume of "Favourite Recitations of Favourite Actors," issued by Messrs. Jack, of Edinburgh.

Sixpenny reprints did not sell so well as usual, but good orders were booked for the following volumes:—"The Stickit Minister," "John Splendid," "Romola," and "The Farringdons."

The monthly magazines had, in most cases, only a moderate sale. There was a brisk demand for "Blackwood" and "Chambers' Journal."

The following is our usual list of best selling books:—

Six Shilling Novels.

The Little White Bird. By J. M. Barrie. (Hodder.)
Glengarry Days. By Ralph Connor. (Hodder.)
Four Feathers. By A. E. W. Mason. (Smith, Elder.)
A Castle in Spain. By B. E. J. Capes. (Smith, Elder.)
Reflections of Ambrosine. By E. Glyn. (Duckworth.)
Little White Nun. By Mrs. Williamson. (White.)
The Circle. By K. C. Thurston. (Blackwood.)
Outside and Overseas. By G. Makgill. (Methuen.)
Hidden Manna. By A. J. Dawson. (Heinemann.)

Miscellaneous.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. 5s. (Hodder.)
Edna Lyall's Novels. 3s. 6d. (Hurst and Blackett.)
Observations of Mr. Dooley. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
Countess Londa. By Guy Boothby. 5s. (White.)
James Chalmers of New Guinea. 3s. 6d. (Religious Tract Society.)
Gipsy Smith. 2s. 6d. net. (Law.)
George Douglas Brown. 3s. 6d. net. (Hodder.)
John Wesley's Journal. 3s. 6d. net. (Isbister.)
Favourite Recitations by Favourite Actors. 2s. 6d. net. (Jack.)
Flowers of Scottish Song. 6d. (Bayley and Ferguson.)
Wee Macgreegor. By J. J. B. 1s. net. (Scots Pictorial Publishing Co.)
Daily Mail Year Book. 1s. net. (Office.)

The Booksellers' Diary.

MARCH.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

March 6th.

TRACY, LOUIS.—A Fatal Legacy, 6s. ..... (Ward, Lock)
HODDER, R.—Joseph Brereton, 3s. 6d. ..... (Ward, Lock)
LEE-HAMILTON, EUGENE.—Lord of the Dark Red Star, 6s. (Walter Scott)
ALDERSON, Dr. F. H.—Indigestion: Its Prevention and Cure, 1s. ..... (Walter Scott)
DANT, CHAS. H.—Life of Archbishop Temple, 3s. 6d. (Walter Scott)
SIMS, G. R.—The Dagonet, and Other Poems, 1s. and 2s. (Routledge)

March 9th.

HOPE, GRAHAM.—The Triumph of Count Ostermann, 6s. (Smith, Elder)
VARIOUS WRITERS.—Nursery and Sickroom. Woman's Library. 5s. net ..... (Chapman and Hall)
VARIOUS WRITERS.—Some Arts and Crafts. Woman's Library. 5s. net ..... (Chapman and Hall)
HAWTREY, FLORENCE.—History of the Hawtrey Family. 2 vols. 21s. net ..... (George Allen)

March 11th.

WARREN, CHARLES R. (Editor).—Sixty Years on the Turf. Cheaper Edition. 7s. 6d. net ..... (Grant Richards)
PRESCOTT, E. LIVINGSTON.—Knit by Felony, 6s. (Grant Richards)
MAUDE, LOUISE AND AYLMER (Translators).—The Plays of Leo Tolstoy, 6s. ..... (Grant Richards)
OMOND, J. S.—A Study of Metre, 5s. net ..... (Grant Richards)
BOOTH, ANNIE M.—Simple Cookery, 4s. 6d. ... (Grant Richards)
LYONS, A. NEIL.—Matilda's Mabel, 1s. and 1s. 6d. (Grant Richards)

March 12th.

TRAFFORD-TAUNTON, MRS. E. W.—Silent Dominion, 6s. (Methuen)
LOWIS, CECIL.—The Machinations of the Myo-ok, 6s. (Methuen)
WYON, R., AND G. PRANCE.—The Land of the Black Mountain, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
MASON, A. E. W.—Clementina. Cheap Edition. 6d. (Methuen)
OWEN, S. G. (Translator).—Satires of Juvenal, 2s. 6d. (Methuen)
FREER, S. C., M.A. (Editor).—Bunyan's Grace Abounding, 2s. and 2s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)

March 13th.

PEMBERTON, MAX.—The Gold Wolf, 6s. ..... (Ward, Lock)

March 16th.

CARLYLE, THOMAS.—Essays. 3 vols. Edinburgh Edition. 2s. and 2s. 6d. net ..... (Chapman and Hall)
ROBINSON, EMMA.—Whitefriars. Introduction by E. A. Baker. 2s. ..... (Routledge)
MOUNTENEY-JEPHSON, R.—Tom Bullkley. Introduction by E. A. Baker. 2s. ..... (Routledge)

March 18th.

DOWIE, MENIE MURIEL.—Things about our Neighbourhood, 6s. ..... (Grant Richards)

March 19th.

BLOUNDELLE-BURTON, J.—A Branded Name, 6s. (Methuen)
BURN, A. E. (Editor).—Bishop Wilson's Sacra Privata, 2s. and 2s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
HENDERSON, T. F.—Robert Burns, 3s. 6d. and 4s. net (Methuen)
MONTAGUE, F. C., M.A. (Editor).—Macaulay's Essays. 3 vols. 6s. each ..... (Methuen)

March 20th.

BARRETT, A. WILSON.—The French Master, 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock)
PASTURE, MRS. DE LA.—Cornelius, 6s. ..... (Smith, Elder)
CARR, M. E.—George Goring's Daughters, 6s. ... (Smith, Elder)

March 23rd.

LILLY, W. S.—Christianity and Modern Civilisation, 12s. net (Chapman and Hall)

March 25th.

WALSH, WALTER.—The Jesuits in Great Britain, 7s. 6d. (Routledge)
LE FEUVRE, AMY.—Jill's Red Bag, 2s. (Religious Tract Society)
JOKAI, MAURUS.—Told by the Death's Head, 6s. (Grant Richards)
BANGS, J. KENDRICK.—Mr. Munchausen, 5s. (Grant Richards)
WOOD, WALTER.—The Rifle Brigade. Re-issue. 2s. net. (Grant Richards)
WOOD, WALTER.—The Northumberland Fusiliers. Re-issue. 2s. net ..... (Grant Richards)
EMERSON, RALPH WALDO.—English Traits, and Representative Men. World's Classics. 1s. and 2s. (Grant Richards)
ELIOT, GEORGE.—The Mill on the Floss. World's Classics. 1s. and 2s. ..... (Grant Richards)

March 26th.

"AN OLD POTTER BOY."—When I was a Child, 6s. (Methuen)
BETHUNE-BAKER, J. F.—Christian Doctrine ..... (Methuen)
SNELL, F. J.—Exmoor, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
MILLIS, C. T., M.I.M.E.—Mensuration ..... (Methuen)
MARR, J. E.—Manual of Geology ..... (Methuen)
BARKER, A. F.—Study of Textile Designs ..... (Methuen)

March 27th.

OPPENHEIM, E. P.—A Prince of Sinners, 6s. ... (Ward, Lock)
Ruskin Library Edition. Vol. I. 21s. net ..... (George Allen)

March 30th.

DE QUINCEY, F. H.—Song-Tide Murmurs, 2s. 6d. net (Elkin Mathews)
WALLIS, A. F.—Stars of the Morning, 3s. 6d. net (Elkin Mathews)
LEWIS, A. T.—Ginevra, 1s. net ..... (Elkin Mathews)
ROGERS, JOHN.—With Elia and his Friends, 2s. 6d. net (Elkin Mathews)
PEMBERTON, H. CHILD.—Carmela ..... (Elkin Mathews)

Books to be Published during March, dates not fixed.

RALEIGH, WALTER.—Wordsworth, 6s. ..... (Edward Arnold)
CLUTTERBUCK, E. H.—A Day Dream and Other Poems, 3s. 6d. net ..... (Edward Arnold)
GURDON, J.—Erinna, a Tragedy, 3s. 6d. net ... (Edward Arnold)
EDDY, CHARLES.—The Taint of the City, 6s. (Edward Arnold)
Completion of the Edinburgh Waverley. In 48 vols. 6s. each net. (T. C. and E. C. Jack)
Completion of the Edinburgh Lockhart's Life of Scott. In 10 vols. 10s. 6d. each net ..... (T. C. and E. C. Jack)

April 1st.

LEE-HAMILTON, EUGENE.—Dramatic Sonnets, Poems, and Ballads. Canterbury Poets. 1s. ..... (Walter Scott)
SKIPWORTH, G. H.—Essays in Buff ..... (Walter Scott)
ROSE, ALGERNON S.—On the Choice of a Piano, 1s. (Walter Scott)

April 2nd.

MONTRESOR, F. F.—The Alien, 6d. ..... (Methuen)
BATSON, H. M.—Herbaceous Plants, 3s. 6d. ..... (Methuen)

April 3rd.

DRUMMOND, HAMILTON.—On Behalf of the Firm, 6s. (Ward, Lock)
LONSDALE, H. M.—D'Abra the Buddhist, 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock)
BELL, JOHN.—A Miracle of Modern Missions, 2s. (Religious Tract Society)

The Reader.

THE CENTENARY OF MARJORIE FLEMING, OR SCOTT'S PLAYMATE MAIDIE.

By Eve Blantyre Simpson.

"She's the most extraordinary creature I ever met with, and her repeating of Shakespeare overpowers me as nothing else does." Scott on "Pet Marjorie."

IT was a hundred years ago on January 15th that Marjorie Fleming, daughter of Mr. James Fleming, accountant, was born in a house in the High Street of Kirkcaldy. Marjorie lived barely a decade, yet, strange to tell in this changing world, a century after her birth the short and simple annals of her life are borne in mind by the English reading world. She owes her fame not only to her strong personality and her precocious genius, but to the reason that she followed George Herbert's advice and "kept good company" and was "of the number." Sir Walter Scott oftentimes borrowed her for his playmate and companion. He said he was amazed at her power over him. She also was fortunate in having for her chiefmost biographer "simple, wise, benevolent, lovable, and much loved" Dr. John Brown, for so Professor Masson describes the Edinburgh physician who made so many friends for his dog hero, Rab. Dr. John knew a Miss Fleming who had survived Pet Marjorie for seventy years. "She had cherished," to quote again from Masson, "the memory of her dead sister like a religion, and had preserved all her childish and queerly spelt letters and journals with other scraps of writing tied up with a lock of her light brown hair. To these faded letters and papers Dr. John Brown had access, and the result was his exquisitely tender Marjorie Fleming, the gem of its kind among all his papers, and perhaps the most touching illustration in our language of Shakespeare's text, 'How quick bright things come to confusion.'" Dr. John wove such a dainty but durable web round this child's short history, that the threads of her life which he gathered together have wound themselves about the hearts of all who have studied his handiwork. We associate the subject and the biographer together. It is Swinburne who states that we dream of

"Some happier isle in the Elysian sea,
Where Rab may lick the hand of Marjorie."

Dr. Brown pictures Maida gambolling beside Sir Walter and the precious human lamb he carried in the neuk of his plaid. Marjorie must have also known Camp, for that faithful fourfooted friend of Scott's died in 1810; still, we associate the bewitching child, not with the dogs she saw and stroked, but as one of Rab's friends.

MARJORIE FLEMING.
(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. John Brown, Edinburgh.)

About 1860 Mr. Henry Farnie, bent on writing on the renowned golden fringes of Fife, in the course of his travels round that kingdom visited Kirkcaldy. The "lang town" had cradled famous men, and Folk-lore in a rhyming jingle ascribes to it the distinction of being the burial place of the Deil, whom the Fife Faust, Michael Scott, had doubtless lured to his tower of Balwearie near by Kirkcaldy. The loyal defender of Mary Queen of Scots lived close to Marjorie's home, too, in times of peace, at his Grange above the burgh which bears his name. Adam Smith ("The Wealth of Nations") was born and reared in this same Kirkcaldy, but Farnie found a new subject of interest there more to his taste than the history of these giants of days of yore, for he heard of the gifted little lass whose grave is unforgotten in the monks of Dunfermline's old pleasaunce, the Abbotshall kirkyard. He collected material, and wrote "Pet Marjorie: A Story of a Child Genius." His sketch is dull and stiffly done, but it attracted the attention of Dr. John Brown, and he in his turn edited all the scraps and recollections of Marjorie Fleming he could gather. It is his description of her remarkable powers, her lovable-

ness, and her failings, "her little sins and great repentances" as he calls them, which has ensured her name being kept in remembrance.

Marjorie, like many an infant prodigy, was no pale-faced only child whom ill-health kept tied to the fireside, but she was a rosy, chubby bratling, full of fun and humour despite her premature thoughtfulness. She shared her nursery with two sisters and a brother. Captain Bremner of Cupar Fife is her nephew and her nearest surviving relative. He was her sister Isa's son. He recently wrote of his long-dead little Aunt (over whose grave he has erected a marble cross), "She appears to me as I figure her in the dim past to have been a highly strung, nervous child—precocious to a degree—and by being in company of older people her little talks took on somewhat, shall I call it, the *outré* form and shape in which they were uttered."

Marjorie when but six was transported to the opposite shore of the Firth by her cousin, Isa Keith. It was during this long visit to these relations that Scott and Marjorie became such allies. In Dr. Brown's opening pages he describes how the Shirra and his friends come down in the teeth of a blizzard from their duties at the Parliament House; Scott on reaching home finds he is "off the fang," for his facile pen in that never wearying hand of his will not work. Off he goes from his wizard den in 39 to Charlotte Square, through the "onding of snow," and carries off Maidie, as a shepherd carries a lamb, in the shelter of his plaid, and plays, reads, and laughs by the hour with this gifted bairn. It is from Marjorie's letters and journal and verses that we to-day glean how unique yet how winsome she was. From every scrap of her writing the intelligence and originality of this idolised child blazes out, dazzling in its forcibleness and brilliancy. This quaint little maiden, for all her precociousness, was also very human and very lovable. She wound herself by her pretty ways into the very core of the hearts of those who knew her. Dr. Brown tells how Sir Walter prized the company of this favoured damsel. She was to be one of his party at a Twelfth night supper, but was long of coming. Her genial host fidgetted over her non-appearance, and great was his delight when the serious-faced small chit, with her deep-set hazel eyes and her calm, composed mien, was carried into his hall in her sedan. He called his other guests to come and see the fresh, bewitching child sitting there like a miniature queen, before he lifted her from her seat and carried her shoulder high to the place of honour by his strong right hand. The big burly Shirra and the little maid had many tastes in common. She recited Shakespeare to him with much emphasis and grace. He in exchange read to her and quoted the ballads of his beloved border. Besides their mutual literary tastes, his Maidie knew Ravelston, and the garden there had been the garden of his childhood too; so Marjorie, fresh from its flowers, would tell her friend what was growing and ablowing there in the sunny pleasaunce he knew of old, and immortalised as that of Tully Veolan in Waverley.

SIR WALTER AND PET MARJORIE.

Marjorie was never at school, but had been taught to read and her education begun by her mother. She must have learned very quickly, for before Marjorie went to Edinburgh, little over six years old, she had read at her own free will as she listed in her father's library. She had fed there on what seems strong meat for babes, for in her small span of years she had read most of the classics, which people of to-day seldom take from the shelves where they have been placed as books no gentleman's library should ever be without. In her journal at different times she remarks, "Dr. Swift's works are very funny, I got some of them by heart." "The Newgate Calender is very instructive." "Tom Jones and Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard are both excellent." Much of Shakespeare she knew by heart, and when we hear of the long-memoried, elfin creature standing up in Scott's study to recite to him, a companion picture rises to mind of her listener, when, with eager uplifted face, and curls falling from that dome-like head of his on his shoulders, he quoted Hardy Knute, which he had learned at his grandfather's at Sandyknowe when but three. Scott's own education had been in some ways conducted on very much the same lines that his friend Maidie's was, and he too had, we know, the same surprising memory as his small pet. He writes in his journal, "I am persuaded children hate books that are written *down* to

PET MARJORIE'S GRAVE.
Photo by John Ogilvie, Kirkcaldy.

their capacity, and love those that are more composed for their elders and betters. Indeed I rather suspect children derive impulses of a powerful important kind in hearing things they cannot entirely comprehend." He would have disapproved and Maidie scorned the kindergarten system in vogue to-day.

There are some pencil portraits of Pet Marjorie still extant—one owned by her nephew, Captain Bremner—we may be wrong, but we believe they were all done by his mother. One was sketched a few days before the child's death, when her eyes, the windows of her soul, are big and bright with illness. Good as these portraits are, we mostly know her from Miss Fleming's descriptions of her to Farnie and Dr. Brown, and there was the lock from the well-shaped head to testify to the colour of her hair. Her eyes were hazel, her complexion rosy, and she seems from all accounts to have been a plump, healthy child. The beauty of her well-formed, rounded arms her sister dwelt on, and Marjorie lived in the days when a milder climate or hardier constitutions let girls go bare armed at any season. The quaint little lass's well-moulded arms, which helped her graceful gesture when reciting, were noticeable features. We feel we become acquainted and can judge of her extraordinary ability best by Marjorie's letters, which are unique and inimitable. They are little human documents brim full of fire and temper and lovingkindness, though showing her many moods, and her shrewd ideas and criticisms on men, books, and things. Sometimes her language assumes the stilted stiffness of a bygone age: "Thomson," she says, "is a beautiful author and Pope, but nothing to Shakespear, of which I have a little knolege." At other times she writes with the freedom of a simple, impulsive child. Part of the two years she spent in Midlothian was passed at Braehead by Cramond Brig, which is held by the unique tenure of a basin of water being presented to the sovereign when he passes that way. The land was granted on this easy lease in recognition of the timely aid supplied by Jock Howison, who was tenant of Braehead in James V.'s time, and saved the King, when he was masquerading as the good man of Ballengeich, from the assaulting gypsies, and washed his wounds. This Braehead lies in a sheltered neuk by the Almond water opposite Dalmeny, a few miles from Edinburgh. Marjorie enjoyed her visits there, and letters penned to her home across the water from Braehead reveal the lovableness of this youngling prodigy to us, full of mettlesome spirit, warm affection, and funny thoughts and ideas, all so vividly expressed. She liked to escape, she says, from the "bustel of the noisy town," and be "transported far beyond the reach of the wicked sons of men." She has no fault to find with animal friends. "Braehead is extremely pleasant to me by the companie of swine, geese cocks, and they are the delight of my soul."

Advanced as Marjorie was in her reading, the other two R.'s were found by her difficult to master. She classes the multiplication Table as "the most Devilish thing," and 8 times 8, and 7 times 7 "it is what nature itself can't endure." Her nurse in Fife, a devoted, old-world servant, evidently, we glean, used what may be termed now old-fashioned language, so her quick-eared charge picked up rough and ready terms, and besprinkled her writings at times with somewhat startling words, as in the concluding lines, "Dedicated to Mrs. H. Crawford by the Author M.F.," telling of the "direful death of three turkeys fair." She thus describes the flinty feelings of the mother:

> "But she was more than usual calm,
> She did not give a single dam."

Writing, too, she was thought to be backward in, and to improve this defect, her wise cousin, Isa Keith, made her keep a diary, and write to her home in Kirkcaldy. She was a refreshingly genuine correspondent, giving full expression to her feelings, sometimes, as Dr. John says, wielding a peppery pen. She tells us candidly of her bursts of temper and her backslidings. She confesses once when Isa Keith was to teach her "religion, multiplication, and to be good, and all my other

PET MARJORIE.
From a Sketch in the possession of Captain J. F. Bremner, Cupar-Fife.
(Reproduced from the Scots Pictorial, by kind permission of the editor.)

lessons," Marjorie found the combination too much, and stamped her foot and threw her new hat on the floor, and sulked for a "hole hour." Miss Keith was evidently very patient, and did not, to her pupil's astonishment, whip the "little young divil," as Marjorie likens herself to. We should indeed be grateful to this forbearing cousin, not only for sparing the rod in an age when it was freely used, but for having taught Marjorie to use that pen of hers, every stroke of which we treasure.

Her poems are refreshing from both simplicity and the force and vigour of them. The rhymes are certainly boldly crude and uncommon, as we see from the one which ends with "calm" and "dam." Historic verses she had a leaning towards. She composed a long rhyming saga of the principal events in the reign of the Stuarts. She also wrote a lengthy account in verse of Mary Queen of Scots, and, like most North Britons, was prejudiced in favour of the fair Queen, ending by never

doubting her rival Elizabeth "went to fire and hell.' In a few lines she gives a graphic, unflattered picture of King George III. and family, which not being in Dr.

MARY LAMB, 1834.
Taken from a portrait group painted at Cary's Studio in Hart Street, Bloomsbury, by Francis Stephen Cary. Now in the National Portrait Gallery.
Rischgitz Collection.

John Brown's collection, and Farnie's pamphlet being rare and difficult to get, may be new to many.

"Two days ago was the King's birthday,
And to his health we sung a lay.
Poor man, his health is very bad,
And he is often very mad,
He was a very comely lad.
Since death took his girl from his sight
He to her grave doth walk at night.
His son the grand, grand Duke of York,
I'm sure he eateth plenty pork,
For I do hear that he is fat,
But I am not so sure of that."

When we realise how infantine in years Marjorie was, and how she had stored into that thickly-thatched, brown-haired head of hers so much knowledge, we are indeed amazed. Dr. Brown says we may make too much of her cleverness, but not of her affectionateness. "We don't wonder," he adds, "that Walter Scott carried her off in the neuk of his plaid, and played himself with her for hours." She must have been the best of company, so pretty to walk with, witty to talk with, a combination of sense and mind and deep thoughtfulness, along with the buoyant artless innocence of youth.

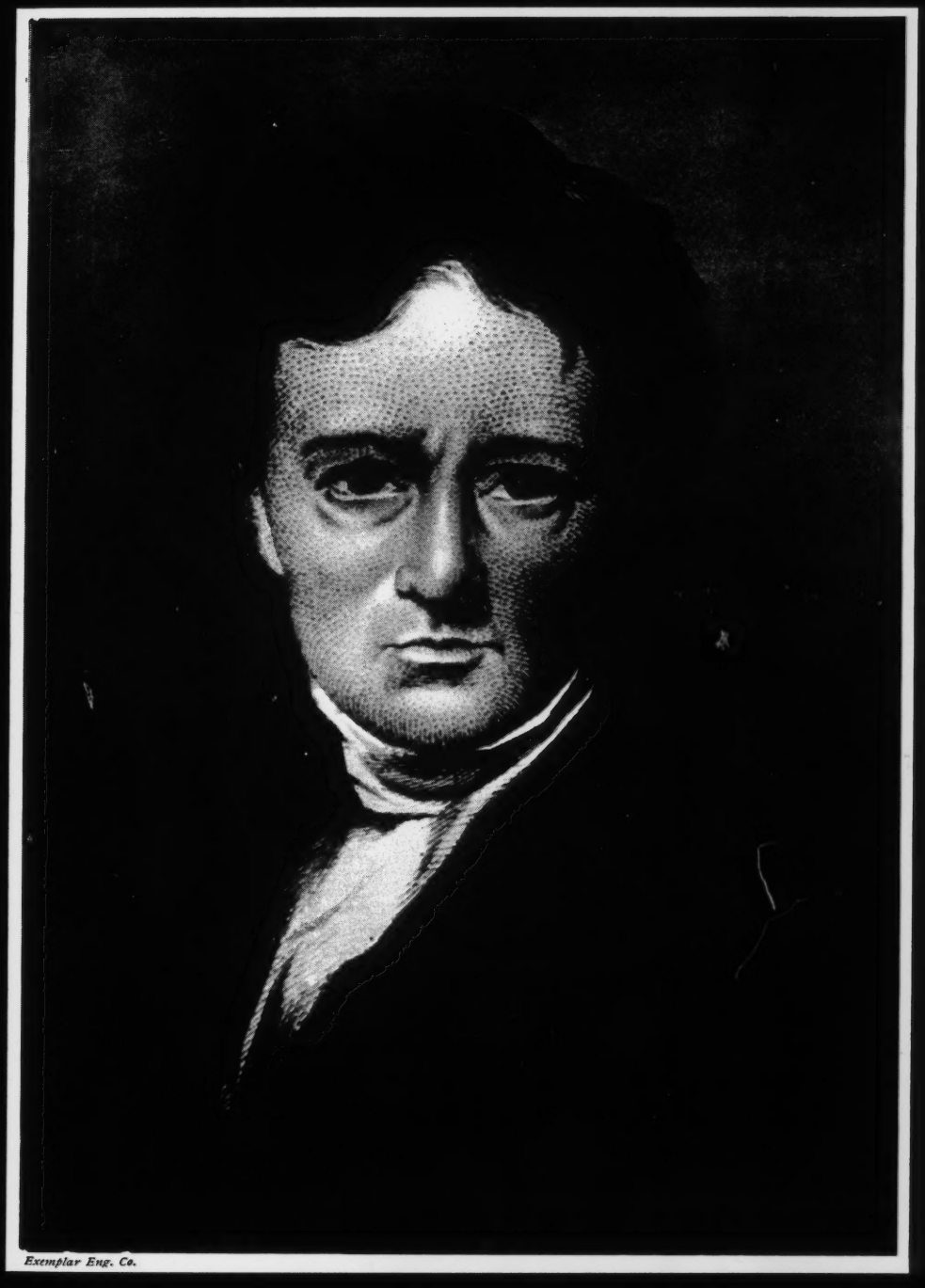
Her remarkable life had a commonplace end. Towards the wane of 1811, when at Kirkcaldy, measles laid hold of her. Despite her ardent spirit, with insatiable restlessness and thirst to be up and doing, she proved however a docile patient. Her sister tells how she asked her mother to play "The Land o' the Leal" in the parlour, while the invalid (asking for the door to be left open a "wee bit") said she would "lie and *think* and enjoy herself." She listened to the sweet melody with ears so soon to hear the music of another sphere. One Sunday (her last on earth) when convalescent, she was taken, as a treat to all, downstairs, and her father, holding this treasured daughter in his arms, paced up and down with her. All we love is guarded by fear, and he held her tightly, maybe feeling his own little Marjorie, so clever, so endearing, was slipping, despite all his strength, from his grasp. She wanted to repeat something to her father—hesitated between "Few are thy days" and then chose Burns' "Why am I loth to leave this earthly scene." A sudden whim to write seized her, and she so earnestly craved to have her way, she was allowed. With her earnest expressioned face bent over the slate, she indited fourteen lines "To her loved cousin on the Author's recovery." The verse making, the choice of recitation, were that of Marjorie the child genius, but her last request on earth was that of Marjorie the warm-hearted, generous little girl, whom those who knew her loved and never forgot. She wanted her mother to promise to allow her to go out before New Year and spend sixpence the doctor had given her for being good when ill, to buy a present for her cousin Isa.

The fatal "dregs of the measles," as they say in Marjorie's native land, had laid their fatal hand on her. These deadly dregs flew to the strongest, yet the weakest spot in her firm little body—her too mature and much worked brain. In three days from that Sunday she was dead of that woeful trouble, water in the head. We wonder if she had lived like her sisters and brothers to grow up, would she have been a great genius like her friend Scott, who sorrowed for his idolised Maidie? Maybe her thoughtful, high-strung nature, her intenseness and eagerness, would have over-weighted her. Even as a girl of eight at Braehead we see how, when rejoicing, like any other happy child, that "The calf does frisk and Nature shows her glorious face," she was saddened by trying to fathom the depth of all, "The heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world" which lay around her. "Remorse is the worst thing to bear, and I am afraid that I will fall a marter to it," she wrote in her rounded, confirmed pot-hook hand; and we feel Marjorie, tender and sympathetic, would in life's rough way have fallen a "marter" to her over-sensitiveness, for as Longfellow says, "I do not believe that any one can be perfectly well who has a brain and heart." Marjorie had both a warm heart and big brain. It was doubtless well for the child she was one whom the gods loved, well for this beloved bonnie bairn, whose memory we treasure, that she was taken thus early to the Land of the Leal.

CHARLES LAMB.

BY JAMES DOUGLAS.

EVERY lover avers that there is none like his love. In ordinary lovers this is a true affectation, but in Lamb-lovers it is plain verity, for there is no uniquity like the uniquity of Lamb. He is the only writer who has no ancestors and no posterity. There is but one Lamb. Why? Because his writing is not merely coloured by his personality: it is his personality. Take away his personality and you have nothing left but a glittering pile of priceless quotations. His genius was idiosyncracy; his idiosyncracy was genius. Mr. Watts-Dunton was, I think, the first to point out that "idiosyncratic humour such as Lamb's can be



Exemplar Eng. Co.

brought under no kind of classification; hence, between Lamb's humour and the humour of other writers there is almost no kinship at all." It is hard to idiosyncratise any quality of the mind, but it is harder to idiosyncratise humour than any other quality. It is like jumping off one's shadow and leaving it nailed to the ground. Lamb jumped off his shadow with unerring agility. "I confess an occasional nightmare; but I do not, as in early youth, keep a stud of them." In that sentence he jumps off at the word "stud." Nobody but Lamb could have thought of it. His peculiar charm is his unpredicability. He never shapes his whim-whams to fit an external preconception, but always and only to fit an internal preconception. Indeed, the most exquisite criticism of Lamb is his own delicious confession that he was "natural in a self-pleasing quaintness." He produced his "beautiful obliquities" before the glass.

CHARLES LAMB, 1819.
From the water-colour drawing by G. F. Joseph in the British Museum.
Rischgitz Collection.

It is a mistake to suppose that Lamb's humour was as spontaneous as it seems. It was the reverse. "Lamb's jests," said Barry Cornwall, "were never the mere outflowings of the animal spirits, but were the exercises of the mind." Here, again, it was Mr. Watts-Dunton who first pointed out that it is "the literary flavour of Lamb's humour which makes it so delightful to the few." Barry Cornwall showed that Lamb's early letters were not humorous, and that he was enticed by Southey "into the accessible regions of humour." Lamb's humour is bookish, and that is why all true Lambites are bookmen, and all true bookmen are Lambites. Mr. Chamberlain quotes Dickens: he never quotes Lamb. And yet, although there is no link between the unbookish humour of Dickens and the bookish humour of Lamb, I like to fondle the fancy that Captain Cuttle was suggested by "Mingay with the iron hand." You remember Mingay, who "had lost his right hand by some accident, and supplied it with a grappling-hook, which he wielded with a tolerable adroitness."

Only the bookman can appreciate the miraculous rhythm of Elian prose. The sentences move to some delicate, inaudible air, breathed on some invisible pipe by some incorporeal player. As we listen, the ear is always expectant and always satisfied. The cadences never trip or falter, never tire or cloy.

> . . . . they move
> In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
> Of flutes and soft recorders.

There is no doubt that Lamb drew most of his magical rhythm from Sir Thomas Browne, though his debt to all the Elizabethan writers is incalculable. He revelled in "antique modes and phrases," loved to hang over "old Burton"; and "out-of-the-way humours and opinions — heads with some diverting twist in them —the oddities of authorship," pleased him most in others as they please us most in him. He gloated over words as Marlowe's Jew gloated over his gems:

> Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,
> Jacinths, hard topaz, grass-green emeralds,
> Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,
> And seld-seen costly stones of so great price.

The verbal avarice of his "Thomas Coventry" has something of the miser's intensive passion: "Clouds of snuff, aggravating the natural terrors of his speech, broke from each majestic nostril, darkening the air. He took it, not by pinches, but a palmful at once—diving for it under the mighty flaps of his old-fashioned waistcoat pocket; his waistcoat red and angry, his coat dark rappee, tinctured by dye original, and by adjuncts, with buttons of obsolete gold." He who cannot rejoice over the syllabic luxury and sensuous rhythm of this passage is not worthy to be sealed of the tribe of Elia. Displace a word and the witchery is shattered—it must be "dye original," not "original dye," "his coat dark rappee," not "his dark rappee coat," "buttons of obsolete gold," not "obsolete gold buttons."

Lamb was not only a great humorist and a great prose-

writer, he was great in many other rare fashions. He was a great critic. Mr. Walkley (an Elian of Elians) in his Royal Institution Lectures on "Dramatic Criticism" has urged that the critic is a true artist, a true creator. He might have cited Lamb in support of this theory, for if ever criticism was creative it was so in Lamb. If he did not create the forgotten Elizabethan dramatists, he recreated them. His eye for poetry was infallible. He ranged over it as a bee over a garden, alighting on the sweetest flowers, sipping the purest honey, and storing it up for generations to come. How little he left unsampled only the literary bees who follow him can realise.

Great as a humorist, great as a prose-writer, and great as a critic, he was even greater as a gentleman. The beautiful tragedy of Mary and Charles Lamb is almost too sacred for a pedestrian pen, yet I like to linger over that incomparable love of the incomparable brother for the incomparable sister, which distilled happiness out of intolerable anguish, and made self-sacrifice a masculine attribute. Of few men can it be said that they love with the self-annihilating ecstasy of womanhood, but it can be said without reserve of Charles Lamb. He was a gentleman, not only to his sister, but to all women. His essay on "Modern Gallantry" is the quintessence of chivalry. With Blake he shares the honour of having humanised childhood and enfranchised infancy. He ought to be the patron saint of every nursery. He rekindled the fading lustre of literary friendship, and broke the alliance between art and envy. He was the incarnation of sweetness and light long before Matthew Arnold climbed into the pulpit, and he bequeathed to English men of letters an ideal of temper and temperament which few can attain and none can surpass.

CHARLES LAMB.
From a Drawing by A. Garth Jones.
"And you, my midnight darlings, my Folios."
(Reproduced from "The Essays of Elia," by kind permission of Messrs. Methuen and Co.)

His influence on our literature is pervasive and permanent. You shall find it in most of our best and in some of our worst. It is hardly possible to write a bad essay, it is impossible to write a good essay, without his aid. It is not easy to be whimsical and avoid an Elianism. The most whimsical writer now living, Mr. Barrie, is Elian to the finger tips. Could "The Little White Bird" have been written by a man who had not read "Dream Children," that immortal "Reverie"? Are not Timothy and Barbara cousins-german of John and Alice? "We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams." Even so, Mr. Barrie's whimsical old bachelor saw his "bright dreams of Timothy" go whistling down the wind. Even so, Timothy "let go his finger and faded" (as John and Alice "grew fainter") "into another and golden ether." Assuredly, if anything could make Mr. Barrie more lovable than he is to all true Elians, it is that Elian gift of "self-pleasing quaintness" with which he alone among living writers is endowed. Most fortunate is the man whose genius has been quickened by that pure memory which "will retain its fragrance as long as the best spice that ever was expended upon the Pharaohs."

New Books.

THE SUBLIMINAL SOUL.*

This posthumous work represents the result of thirty years' labour, and contains more than 1,400 large pages of closely printed matter. Of these about half consist of *Appendices* giving reports of cases illustrative of the writer's argument, chiefly taken from the late E. Gurney's "Phantasms of the Living" and the *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research, of which Mr. Myers was

* "Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death." By F. W. H. Myers. 2 vols. (pp. 746 and 680). 42s. net. (Longmans and Co.)

practically the founder, and which has numbered among its presidents men so different and so distinguished as Henry Sidgwick, Balfour Stewart, Arthur Balfour, William James, and William Crookes.

To give a short and simple account of such a book, dealing with an abstruse subject in strange terms (*e.g.*, "psychorragic diathesis"), which require a special Glossary, is of course impossible. Speaking broadly, however, the writer starts with a full discussion of those modes of psychical action which lie outside the normal. Hysteria, with its frequent exhibition of dual personality; hypnotism, marvellous in its power alike over mind and body; sleep, with all its mysterious activities and intuitions; "telepathy," by which in moments of crisis mind seems to converse with mind even over dividing continents; the automatic actions of the brain, of which "calculating boys" solving mathematical puzzles, they know not how, afford a simple instance—all these subjects are treated by Mr. Myers with the skill of an expert, while he rightly insists that their scientific study is indispensable to psychology. For, just as a knowledge of the human body is impossible without anatomy, so no adequate knowledge of the human mind is attainable without examination of those cases in which, under abnormal influences, its concealed structure is, as it were, laid bare to us. The action of the mind in its ordinary workings is no doubt sufficiently marvellous, but a fall, a fever, a nervous shock, stimulants, narcotics, and a hundred other things will often make it exhibit phenomena of a new, stranger, and more mysterious character. In the study of these, obscured as their exact history is by much credulity and much charlatanism, the Society for Psychical Research has done good work, and the study itself—in spite of some grave dangers which must attend pathological examination of the human mind—is one which deserves encouragement, and promises results of high scientific interest.

But Mr. Myers is not content with this large and almost unexplored field of enquiry. He ventures much further. He claims that every man has a sort of inner soul ("subliminal," he calls it, as lying "beneath the threshold of consciousness"), which has capacities beyond those of the working soul of everyday life, and reveals itself in those intuitions of genius which are "uprushes of the subliminal self," in the knowledge possessed by "a medium" or hypnotised subject of facts unknown to the waking intelligence, or in those visions of the night when this spiritual entity, no longer clogged and cumbered by concern for the body, is able "to expatiate in the exercise of supernormal powers—telepathy, telæsthesia, ecstasy." What he gains by thus dividing the soul, and so adding mystery to mystery, is not clear, but at any rate he asserts that this subliminal soul can be *proved* to act in ways which transcend ordinary laws. Its activity is in a "metetherial environment"; it can leave the body and visit distant scenes ("travelling clairvoyance"); in such "spiritual excursions," if A's soul enters B's room, it may so affect B as to make A's phantom visible to him; and finally it can communicate not merely with incarnate but with "discarnate spirits," whom it can also accommodate by placing its own bodily organs temporarily at their disposal. If, however, this last fact can be proved it is obviously also proof of the survival of a personal soul, and Mr. Myers, being satisfied of the fact, calls with the ardour of a prophet and the eloquence of a poet (II. 292-397) on all who seek truth to complete the pioneer work which has yet to be performed, so that men may no longer "walk delicately on wordy bridges of philosophy over the grim abyss of things," no longer follow such blind guides as Authority or Faith, but tread with firm feet the path now being opened which leads from the seen to the unseen.

Unhappily the evidence brought forward is of the most meagre character. Of marvellous psychical phenomena the book is full; but of strong evidence of the crucial point, communication with the departed, there is but little. Of course there are countless records of spirit messages conveyed by "automatic script," table-tilting, or the voice of a possessed medium, but the feeble and futile character which such messages almost universally exhibit puts them out of court as valid proof, in spite of Mr. Myers' argument that a spirit which has for the first time got "possession" of a strange brain is naturally "confused and incoherent" because "new to the instrument." Nor, when Mrs. Piper in a trance at first talks nonsense, is it credible that this arises because "the thronging multitude of the departed," who seek to use her voice, are "eager but untrained," so that they only "interject uncomprehended cries," until in the second or third stages of trance, "under the watchful care apparently of supervising spirits," the messages at last become coherent. It hardly, too, inspires confidence to learn that in the case of a second noted medium, the Rev. W. R. Moses, "the guides (*i.e.*, disembodied spirits) caused a patch on the top of his head" to exude "liquid scents, mainly verbena and woodruffe," even though they explain that "the secretion was restorative," and saved Mr. M. from exhaustion, while as for a third authority, D. D. Home, few will agree with Mr. Myers that "the Lyon case, however discreditable to Home personally, has no clear bearing on the reality of his powers." If, however, any are sceptical about those powers they should read the account (II. 533) "testified to by Lord Dunraven" of his making brandy disappear from a glass, and then "drop from the air" through Lord D.'s fingers back again, after which he offered "to take the strength from the brandy," making passes over it, and "sending a strong smell of spirit through the room," until finally the liquor became "as weak as weak brandy and water," as the noble Lord and his son proved by "tasting some

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

From a Drawing by A. Garth Jones.

"Graces are the sweet preluding strains to the banquets of angels and children; to the roots and severer repasts of the Chartreuse; to the slender, but not slenderly acknowledged, refection of the poor and humble man: but at the heaped-up boards of the pampered and the luxurious they become of dissonant mood."

(Reproduced from "The Essays of Elia," by kind permission of Messrs. Methuen and Co.)

CHARLES LAMB.

From the painting in the National Portrait Gallery, executed in 1805 by William Hazlitt, originally the property of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and subsequently of Mr. James Gillman, in whose house Coleridge died.

Rischgitz Collection.

of it at the moment, and also some after the séance was over."

Surely, if the Horatian saying, *Solventur risu tabulæ*, applies anywhere, it applies to such rubbish as this, and it is certainly among very different surroundings that we might expect a new revelation to have its birth. But Mr. Myers' views as to evidence are of the loosest. Two striking instances must suffice. One is a case which "stands alone," for in it "a test-message planned before death was communicated after death." It appears that a brother and sister living in America, who used to "converse freely on spirit communion," agreed that the brother should hide a marked piece of brick in a place known only to himself, and, after his death, the sister and his mother tried "for months" to get from the deceased the promised message about this concealed fragment, until finally a table rapped out the hiding-place. Yet this unique proof of a new truth was first published in 1881, *fifteen years* after the event, and the account on which Mr. Myers relies was only written by the sister in 1891, ten years later, the story being only gradually extracted from her by Dr. R. Hodgson (apparently the co-editor of these volumes), for, whereas No. 1 letter merely tells of the hiding and finding of the piece of brick, No. 2 gives the exact words spelt out by the table, and in No. 3 fuller details are given, and then the writer adds, "one more little incident I will mention," this fresh "little incident" being merely that there was also a sealed letter left by the departed, containing a secret message—"Julia! do right and be happy"—which the table also duly rapped out, while both brick and letter are now in the possession of Dr. Hodgson, who can clearly estimate evidence, for he tells us that "the piece of brick weighs one and a half ounces." Comment is needless; and the second instance is of similar character, being also American, but more startling, for in it the spirits become prophetic. The scene is "in Cuba, Mo.," at the home of Dr. Suddick, on whom two friends call, "namely, Charles H. Cottnam, bookkeeper for the firm of Newman and Jones, general merchants, and James E. Hollow, jun., of the firm of Hollow and Son, dealers in stoves, hardware, and furniture, both doing business at this place." Then the Doctor and his wife sit down to table-turning, while "the lamp was sitting (*sic*) on a piano in the corner of the room, turned down so as to make a subdued or mellow light," and the table begins to tell them how "a prominent hotel-keeper," then supposed to be *in extremis*, and only subsisting on "a little eggnog or milk," would defy the doctors and not die ("pass out" is the exact phrase) until the fortieth day in the forenoon, which he accordingly did. Sundry good people, "the undersigned citizens of Cuba, Mo.," certify to the facts, and human immortality is demonstrated.

It is impossible to criticise such a work without a feeling of regret that the writer should have devoted great powers to the pursuit of what is in fact an *ignis fatuus*. He was a man endowed, as every lover of his *St. Paul* knows, with rare gifts of poetic imagination; he was also, as many poets have been, keenly alive to the marvels of scientific discovery, and could draw from them striking but often elusive analogies; and in addition he was a whole-hearted enthusiast. But these qualities are exactly opposed to the cold, clear, cautious, and judicial temperament which is essential to a student of the pathology of the human mind. Virgil sighed to think that he had wasted his life on poetry, when he might have "explored the causes of things," and "trampled beneath his feet man's fear of inexorable fate," but posterity has not echoed his regret. There are some lines in the Sixth Æneid, each of which, in its influence on human thought, outweighs a whole treatise on metaphysics, and similarly the world could well have spared these pseudo-scientific volumes in order to have secured a few more such stanzas as Mr. Myers once penned.

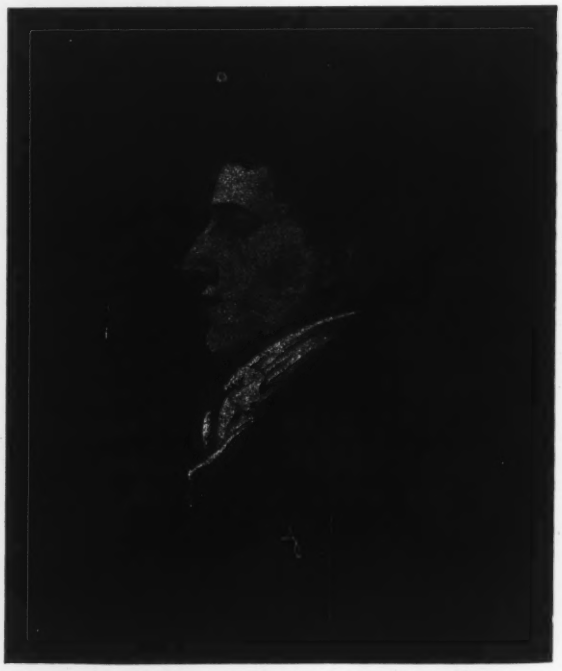
T. E. PAGE.

MEMORIES OF A HUNDRED YEARS.*

Mr. Hale admits at the outset that he is not old enough to have memories that cover a century, but his personal recollections go back over a longer tale of years than is allotted to the average life of man, and where his own fall short he is able to eke them out from a rich store of old letters, pamphlets, newspapers, with "the diaries and correspondence of my own generation, of my father's and mother's, and their fathers' and mothers'."

From all these sources Mr. Hale has compiled a gossipy record of the social, political, and literary progress of the United States since the beginning of the nineteenth century. He used to number among his acquaintance men who had known George Washington; and he came into actual contact with patriots who had been actively concerned in that

* "Memories of a Hundred Years." By Edward Everett Hale. 2 vols. 21s. net. (The Macmillan Co.)



CHARLES LAMB AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE.

The earliest known portrait of Lamb, drawn in 1798 by Robert Hancock for Joseph Cottle, of Bristol, and now in the National Portrait Gallery.

Rischgitz Collection.

momentous throwing of the tea into Boston harbour. He has had personal dealings with every American President during the last half century or so, has taken a lively interest in public affairs, and has lived and worked throughout a long life in the thick of them. Obviously, a man so happily circumstanced has only to write down what he has seen and heard and remembers to make a book that shall be as historically valuable as it is entertaining.

And this Mr. Hale has done. He draws on his family papers for sidelights on the beginnings of the American Republic, and the manner of life that was lived in those earlier days. He writes discursively on American politics and political leaders; on the Civil War; and on memorable events of more recent times. His chapters on America's Orators and Historians make excellent reading, but his chapter on "Literature" is something of a disappointment. He knew Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, personally, but his anecdotes about them are slight and comparatively unilluminative, for the most part—he has dealt more exhaustively with this side of his memoirs elsewhere, and perhaps did not care to repeat himself.

The volumes are lavishly and excellently illustrated with photographs of persons and places and letters and documents, and are written with the simple, unaffected realism of a man who is absorbingly interested in his subject, and so without effort makes it interesting to others.

THE WORLD'S HISTORY.*

The English people have never been particularly fond of universal history. Apart from a brief survey of the facts, such as Freeman's general sketch, they have ordinarily abstained from reading, writing, or even buying, books on the subject. The distrust which they have thus shown is not perhaps altogether without justification. To write universal history adequately requires a committee of men of talent, writing under the direction of a universal genius. To write it impartially would require a Geneva Convention, acting under the strict supervision of an intellect from another planet. As a winner of not a few prizes in the world's competition England is tolerably well prepared to take her fair share of obloquy. But it is a long step from this to the candour of the universal historian. For these reasons then, among others, the average Briton is apt to look askance at universal history. We cannot pretend to say that we shall find anything to convert him here, but to those who like corpulent volumes replete with historical information, adapted to all the latest theories concocted upon the banks of the Spree, we shall endeavour to give the briefest possible account of the contents of the seventh and most recently issued volume of Dr. Helmolt's World's History.

* "The World's History: A Survey of Man's Record." Edited by Dr. H. F. Helmolt. Vol. VII. With Plates and Maps. 15s. and 21s. net. (Heinemann.)

BLAKESMOOR IN H——SHIRE.

From a Drawing by R. Swain Gifford.

"It was an old deserted place, yet not so long deserted but that traces of the splendour of past inmates were everywhere apparent. Its furniture was still standing—even to the tarnished gilt leather battledores, and crumbling feathers of shuttlecocks in the nursery, which told that children had once played there. But I was a lonely child, and had the range at will of every apartment, knew every nook and corner, wondered and worshipped everywhere."

(Reproduced from "Lamb's Essays of Elia," by kind permission of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG.

From a Drawing by F. S. Church.

"'You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what;—what have you got there, I say?'

"'O father, the pig, the pig, do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats.'

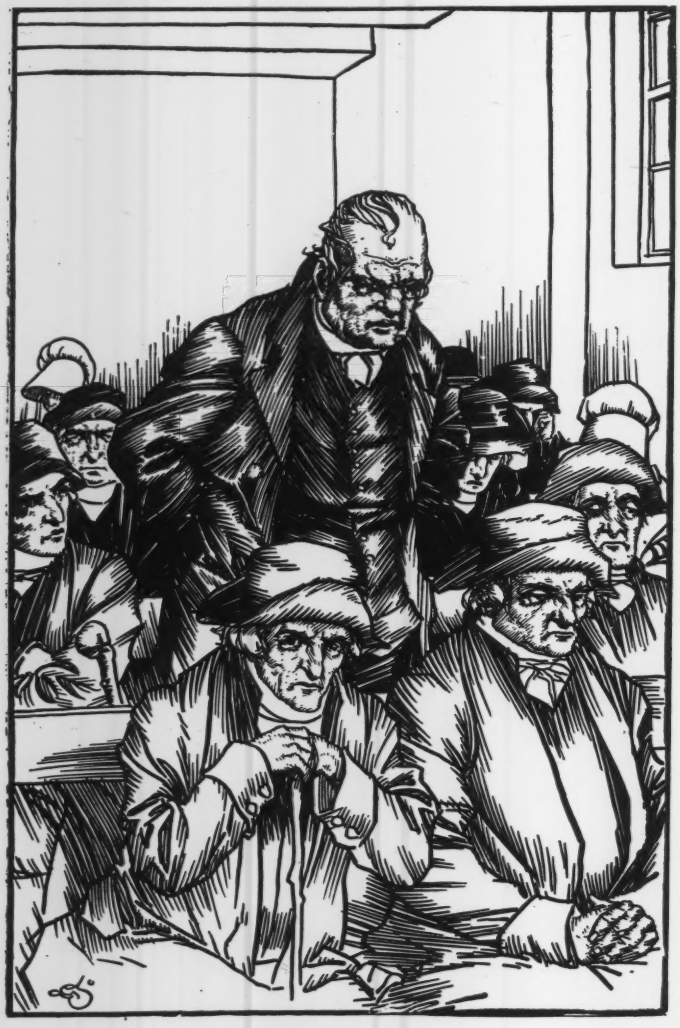
"The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig."

(Reproduced from "Lamb's Essays of Elia," by kind permission of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The present volume contains five very long chapters. The first of these deals with the economic development of Western Europe from the Crusades to Pierpont Morgan. This includes a good account of the Hansa depôts, of the collapse of Spanish imperialism (which it explains in a manner quite opposed to the ordinary free-trade conception of the collapse), the emergence of Antwerp, Amsterdam, and London, the mercantile system, the rise of industrialism, means of communication, finance, and colonial expansion. In connection with this last development it predicts a general revulsion against free-trade. The second chapter, after a preliminary excursus on the dawn of the Renaissance, deals with the political history

of Western Europe, from the re-constitution of the German Empire under the Golden Bull of 1356, down to the Peace of Westphalia in 1648. The main current of Continental history during this period is traced with great ability and succinctness. In its general outlines it will well sustain comparison with chapters VIII. to XIII. of the first volume of the Cambridge Modern History, which covers a small portion only of the same ground. Chapter III. deals with the main currents of religious history, from Luther to the present day. In this Pisgah view of religious developments Anglicanism appears no more than a pitiable hybrid, a substantially papal religion without the Pope. It gives, however, a good idea of evangelical and deistic currents, of the Jesuits, of Voltaire, of German church revival since 1814, of Vermittlungstheologie and Kulturkampf. The last section of this chapter contains a sympathetic account of missionary activity during the nineteenth century. A comparatively short chapter, No. IV., deals with what is called the social question, that is mainly the shifting relations between labour and capital, the organisation of labour, and the growth of socialistic agitation. Dealing with these movements in all the states of Western Europe, the treatment is necessarily very sketchy. In regard to England the writer ordinarily adopts the guidance of Brentano, but he adopts a somewhat unduly optimistic view, as it seems to us, of the prospects of the working class, and the share of that class in the political life of the future. The fifth and last chapter deals with the rise of the great powers, from the reign of Louis XIV. down to the eve of the French Revolution. The French portion of this last chapter appears to us to be well done. With regard to the Germanic and Scandinavian portions we must respectfully decline to pass any decided opinion, though we think it possible, and even probable, that a favourable inference may be drawn from the fact that when any details are given about England they are almost always either erroneous or insulting. This nice distinction must surely protect us from the least suspicion of patriotic bias. We acquiesce in the description of England's ruthless prosecution of her own interests, and adoption of a political infidelity which she has not attempted to conceal, but has openly gloried in. We waive the ascription to Prince Eugene of the chief strategical merit of the Victory of Blenheim. But when we are introduced to William of Orange standing on the "shore of Tauton," with the Count of Argyle by his side, watching the progress of the fleet with the illustrious "Almonde" on board "sailing into the harbour from Brixham, which is shut out of view by the Cornish mountains," we do feel that, even at the risk of an imputation of want of proper respect for German erudition, we must utter a mild protest. Macaulay, thou shouldst be living at this hour! It is only fair to add that the affairs of England occupy quite microscopic space in the political chapters. The obscure fortunes of outlying islands are briefly dismissed in subordination to those of the "Netherland states." But as we have already said, in a universal history the Continental view is "the thing," and here we have it.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.



A QUAKERS' MEETING.

From a Drawing by A. Garth Jones.

"I saw him shake all over with the spirit—I dare not say, of delusion. The strivings of the outer man were unutterable—he seemed not to speak, but to be spoken from. . . . 'He had been a WIT in his youth,' he told us, with expressions of a sober remorse. And it was not till long after the impression had begun to wear away, that I was enabled, with something like a smile, to recall the striking incongruity of the confession."

(Reproduced from "The Essays of Elia," by kind permission of Messrs. Methuen and Co.)

THE CIRCLE.*

Certainly, there is some truth in recent arguments about the decay of the novel and the popularity of "jerry-built fiction," but anyone who knows anything of the history of literature knows that the same arguments had just as much truth in them a century ago. It is with books as with houses: the fact is, and always has been, that there is one public, and a large one, that has no appreciation for any but the jerry-built variety, and another public, not so large, but very considerable, that has a mind for something of more artistic design and finish. In this latter category we unhesitatingly place Mrs. Thurston's new novel, "The Circle." Its characters are few, but each man and woman is a living human entity, drawn and individualised with a rare economy of words. The story has atmosphere and detail without over-elaboration; and it is told with a simplicity and clarity that are not common because they are not to be easily attained. Anna Solny is the daughter of a Russian Jew, a widower, driven to England to escape the persecutions of his own country. He keeps an old curio shop in a South London byway, and is an incorrigible book-worm, so selfishly absorbed in his hobbies as to be careless of his surroundings, and apparently indifferent to his daughter's welfare. Anna keeps house for him, and to the age of sixteen has lived closely immured at home, seeing nothing of the larger life of the world without. Then, one night, startled by a tumult in the street, and yearning for any sort of change and excitement, she slips out, and sees a little deformed man chased by a mob. She gives him shelter, and throws the mob off the scent. She tends the fugitive's wounds, and is moved by pity and a keen interest in him to get her father to offer him employment and a home there. His dog-like gratitude to her increases to an immeasurable love and devotion, and she is beginning to believe she loves him, when she is induced, reluctantly and in great agony of mind, to tear herself away from all her old surroundings, to cut herself off entirely from her past and take up to a new

* "The Circle." By Katherine Cecil Thurston. 6s. (Blackwood.)

DETACHED THOUGHTS ON BOOKS AND READING.
From a Drawing by C. E. Brock.

"There is a class of street-readers whom I can never contemplate without affection—the poor gentry, who, not having wherewithal to buy or hire a book, filch a little learning at the open stalls—the owner, with his hard eye, casting envious looks at them all the while, and thinking when they will have done. Venturing tenderly, page after page, expecting every moment when he shall interpose his interdict, and yet unable to deny themselves the gratification, they 'snatch a fearful joy.'"

(Reproduced from "The Last Essays of Elia," by kind permission of Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co.)

and more ambitious career. What it was that influenced her to this decision it is for the book to tell you. Of the later, real love that came into her life; of how on the eve of her greatest triumph she was reminded of those she had deserted, and in such fashion that she was overwhelmed with remorse; and of how and why she stepped down from the topmost height of her success and returned to that poor home of her childhood—these things, too, are for the book to tell you. You are not to suppose, though, that she rewards the long waiting and devotion of Johann, the fugitive she had once befriended; that is impossible. The ending is more natural and far happier than that. The story is beautifully and sympathetically imagined, and is forcefully and brilliantly written throughout.

ROBERT BUCHANAN THE MAN.*

The brief and general judgment on Buchanan is that he was a literary Ishmaelite whose hand was against every man, and against whom many hands were lifted. Miss Jay makes no indiscreet attempt to combat this opinion. Although from first to last this life of her brother-in-law is a tribute of affection and reverence, she has written of him with the candour which his character and her own good sense demanded. No doubt still greater candour would have been possible, but I do not think that it was needed. On the whole the length and breadth of him are here, and what is written will confirm many in their old instinctive belief in Buchanan's essential goodness of heart. I never could dissociate his shouts and blows in the arena from a rollicking love of a shindy that disguised a warm heart and generous impulses. His fiercest writings seemed to betray only that kind of wrath which knots the brow during the act of writing. There are men who cannot state a case temperately on paper, and Buchanan was one.

Apart from temperament there were many things to explain the contentiousness and intractability which marred Buchanan's life, and made him sometimes wonder why even as a boy the storm-beaten figure of Lear rose above all others that entered his imagination from literature. He was cradled in revolt, and reared in new thought. On the other hand his home was warmed by a mother's sleepless love, and it was to be near it that he mutinied at his first boarding-school, and got himself expelled. His father's ups and downs, which finally led to the boy's coming to London, must have increased his natural unrest.

Then came his early struggles and privations in London. These, however, have been exaggerated. Not the loss of his railway ticket, not his first London night in what he calls a thieves' kitchen in Shoreditch, not his resort to coffee stalls or his pitching his tent in a Stamford Street garret can make up an imposing sum of hardships. Buchanan arrived in London, practically penniless, in May, 1860. Within eighteen months he had married Miss Jay's sister, and was travelling with a literary commission in Denmark and Schleswig-Holstein. His struggle, therefore, appears to have been neither long nor desperate. He was among the contributors whom Sala collected when *Temple Bar* was founded, and that was in the year of his arrival. Still, there was enough of want and waiting to give Buchanan an abiding insight into London's nether world. I can never read of the first years in London of a poor writing youth without a thrill; for the interplay of bodily want and spiritual exaltation takes some years to become tragical. Miss Jay paraphrases part of the following passage, she does not quote it, and I forget where it is to be found; but Buchanan recalls his Stamford Street days in these words: "What did my isolation matter when I had all the gods in Greece for company, to say nothing of the fays and trolls of Scottish Fairyland? Pallas and Aphrodite haunted that old garret; and on Waterloo Bridge, night after night, I saw Selene and all her nymphs; and when my heart sank low, the Fairies of Scotland sang me lullabies! It was a happy time. Sometimes, for a fortnight together, I never had a dinner—save, perhaps, on Sunday, when the good-natured Hebe would bring me covertly a slice from the landlord's joint. My favourite place of refreshment was the Caledonian Coffee House in Covent Garden. Here, for a few coppers, I could feast on coffee and muffins—muffins saturated with butter, and worthy of the gods! Then, issuing forth, full-fed, glowing, oleaginous, I would light my pipe and wander out into the lighted streets."

"It was a happy time," and the happiness lasted quite

CHARLES LAMB, 1775—1834.
From a painting in the National Portrait Gallery attributed to Henry Meyer.
Rischgitz Collection.

* "Robert Buchanan: Some Account of his Life, his Life's Work, and his Literary Friendships." By Harriet Jay. 10s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)

CHARLES LAMB, 1825.
Sketched at the India House by his friend Brook Pulham.
Rischgitz Collection.

another eight years, during which Buchanan made many friends. It is astonishing to see how well he thrived—for a time—on his poetry. He lived on it like a country gentleman; on poetry he shot over Pevensey Marshes, on poetry he maintained his yacht in Oban Bay. But about 1868 the tide of fortune slackened, and in noting this Miss Jay immediately prepares us for the clouded skies which beset the rest of Buchanan's life. Thriftlessness was his continuing curse. He was unthrifty of friends, money, and strength. Space does not permit any dwelling on the sad and stormy part of Buchanan's career: I have preferred to lead up to what is generally known. Miss Jay makes some astonishing, though perfectly necessary, admissions. I refer to Buchanan's betting exploits, and to such insanities as this: "I have known him go to Trouville with two hundred pounds in his pocket, and return at the end of a week without a penny of it, even although that two hundred pounds happened to be his last, and the spending of it meant that he had to shut himself up in his study and work incessantly till the deficiency could be made good." It is melancholy to find him excusing these follies by saying, "We are all gamblers. Man is a gambler by nature and predestination, and life itself is a gamble. The tradesman, the City man . . . ." etc., etc. A good example of the literary fallacy. It is every writer's temptation to find a balanced expression or generalisation for his errors, and soothe his be-literatured conscience with the sound of it.

Through all, however, Buchanan remained warmly faithful to his rather bewildering ideals and beliefs. He threw over everything except God and immortality, and for the existence of these he relied on his own conviction that both were needed to make life tolerable. His was an excellent creed on which to keep silence; it was a thin creed to proclaim on the house-tops. But then Buchanan was a born shouter, and made as much noise about his doubts and rejections as other men do about their beliefs and discoveries. Actually, he does not seem to have had much to say, but his temperament compelled him to say it, and his fund of emotion enabled him to do so with great vigour and picturesqueness. I am struck by the remark of Mr. R. E. Francillon, who, in a contributed sketch, says that Buchanan gave him the impression of being "thrown into a world into which he had never really grown, where he was never at home, but always in a foreign country whose language he could not learn, despite all his efforts, and whose manners and customs, despite his desire to adopt them, he could not understand." Mr. Sims says much the same thing in another way. Buchanan's portrait (the frontispiece one) conveys, to my mind, the same idea of Buchanan's life-long boyishness, and of a certain imperviousness to the useful lessons of daily life. And in the only talk I ever had with him the same feeling took root. He had a genius for isolation. His heart was with those under his own roof (there he was gentle and blessed), and with the stranger millions beyond. Between these there was the zone in which he quarrelled and contended with his friends and fellow craftsmen, but even here there was no hate or hateful malice. It is interesting to see that he named Mr. Herbert Spencer (whose writings he half seriously said he venerated above the Bible) as the begetter of one of his books. Mr. Spencer had written to him: "There is an immensity of matter calling for strong denunciation and display of white-hot anger, and I think you are well capable of dealing with it." Well, Buchanan was a purveyor of white-hot anger, and that fact is itself almost sufficient to exculpate him from colder and deadlier feelings. I for one can believe that Mr. Francillon is right in thinking that he was incapable of a malign or

MODERN GALLANTRY.
From a Drawing by C. E. Brock.

"He was no dangler, in the common acceptation of the word, after women; but he reverenced and upheld, in every form in which it came before him, *womanhood*. I have seen him—nay, smile not—tenderly escorting a market-woman, whom he had encountered in a shower, exalting his umbrella over her poor basket of fruit, that it might receive no damage, with as much carefulness as if she had been a Countess. . . . He was the Preux Chevalier of Age."

(Reproduced from "The Essays of Elia," by kind permission of Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co.)

THE OLD BENCHERS OF THE INNER TEMPLE.
From a Drawing by C. E. Brock.

"With Coventry, and with Salt, in their walks upon the terrace, most commonly Peter Pierson would join, to make up a third. They did not walk linked arm-in-arm in those days—'as now our stout triumvirs sweep the streets'—but generally with both hands folded behind them for state, or with one at least behind, the other carrying a cane."

(Reproduced from "The Essays of Elia," by kind permission of Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co.)

vindictive thought, though one might add—in the sense of keeping it alive. Those who are free from his indiscretions may well emulate his virtues. WILFRED WHITTEN.

GEORG JOACHIM GOSCHEN — LOVER OF LETTERS AND GERMAN PATRIOT.*

The publisher of the first collective edition of Goethe's works, the friend of Wieland and Schiller, the lover of letters, the unwearied seeker for beauty in the typographical art, the modest citizen, the generous patron of the poor, the German patriot of the Napoleonic period, was a man who is well worth knowing for his own sake. He lives before us in these volumes by virtue of the biographer's energy of mind, his justness of temper, his breadth of intellectual sympathy, his capacity for taking pains, and his great skill in the handling of valuable material. The scale of the biography, indeed, could not be justified by the importance to English readers of the Leipzig publisher, but his friends and clients were the most eminent German men of letters in the most brilliant epoch of the literary history of Germany; many hitherto unpublished letters and documents of great interest have to be exhibited; and, as the title indicates, Lord Goschen's work constitutes not merely a portrait of a remarkable man, but a picture of his times.

Wieland and the elder Körner—father of the gallant young soldier and singer of the War of Liberation—grow more attractive in these pages than they had been before; Schiller remains as we had known him, a noble athlete in the world of mind, but not incapable of errors of judgment and of temper. Goethe appears in a less amiable light, but Goethe was rather the client than the friend of his earlier publisher. He drove hard bargains; he insisted on cash paid down at the moment when his manuscript was delivered; he did not consider the anxieties of a struggling man of business. Yet there is no ground to regard Goethe as mercenary in his dealings with Goschen; a man who knows the dangers to his higher self caused by financial questions and negotiations, may act not unwisely in settling an affair of commerce, if possible, by a single decisive act, and by requiring strict adherence to the conditions once accepted. During the period of Goethe's connection with Goschen the writings of the author of "Goetz" and "Werther" had no vogue in Germany; throughout the earlier years at Weimar he had done little as an author to keep himself before the public; there were delays in getting together the matter for the last four volumes of the collective works, delays for which Goethe was in part responsible; the appearance even of "Faust, a fragment," did not fire the general curiosity. Although the author's honorarium, liberal according to the standard of the time, seems now absurdly small, Goschen gained little by his transactions with the greatest of German men of letters. But Goschen was ambitious of fame, and the name of Goethe in his Liepzig Fair lists was a distinction. His instinct as a publisher was, however, not infallible; a short-sighted prudence prevailed when Goethe offered him the "Metamorphosis of Plants"; and before long he had the pain of reading the name of his most formidable rival—Cotta—on Goethe's title-pages. Only once after the completion of the collective edition did Goschen publish a work by Goethe—the translation of that manuscript of Diderot's "Rameau's Nephew" which had somehow found its way to Germany, a brilliant piece of satire, which appeared in the translation before the original had been presented to French readers.

Schiller also—and through no fault on the part of Goschen—was captured by the masterful Cotta. And Schiller cannot be wholly acquitted of blame in the affair, which had the appearance of an unfriendly desertion. Goschen had often borne with the wayward poet's dilatoriness and trying delays; he had often assisted him in financial straits; he was more than a man of business in his relations with Schiller, he was an enthusiastic admirer and a warm friend. On each side, however, there was real generosity of heart; the breach, though painful for a time, was healed; and Schiller and his Lotte were cordially welcomed by Goschen and his Jette in their modest country house at Hohenstädt. "I have had the honour," writes Lord Goschen, "of occupying the same

CHARLES LAMB.
From a Drawing by Daniel Maclise.
Rischgitz Collection.

* "The Life and Times of Georg Joachim Goschen, Publisher and Printer, of Leipzig, 1752-1828." By his grandson, Viscount Goschen. 2 vols., illustrated. 36s. net. (Murray.)

SCHILLER, FROM A PORTRAIT BY GRAFF.

GOETHE IN HIS THIRTIETH YEAR.
From a portrait by May in the possession of the Baron von Cotta, Stuttgart.

GEORG JOACHIM GOSCHEN,
Whose life by Viscount Goschen is reviewed on this page.

(All reproduced from "The Life and Times of Georg Joachim Goschen," by kind permission of Mr. John Murray.)

quarters in company with my son, as guests of my aunt Lotte, who became owner of the place. Thick foliage from sundry shrubs adorned and blocked the window—a happy base for countless gnats, whose nocturnal activity, with the aid of swarms of inferior insects, almost chased away dreams of the great poet who had reposed where I was lying." If the ancestors of these gnats vexed the great poet it would have been a just return for certain epigrams aimed at Goschen, and unworthily inserted among the "Xenia."

Setting aside some rare moments of irritability, irritability quickly escaped from with a smile, Wieland was always amiable, and was possessed of a sweet reasonableness in his intercourse with Goschen. It was a trial, indeed, to his *amour propre* when the portrait engraved for the magnificent quarto edition of his works, on which the publisher had lavished his typographical skill, thickened his nose, and gave him, as it seemed, sheep's-eyes and a satyr-like mouth; but he soon consoled himself with the thought that he was not the first to suffer at the hands of an artist. He was older than his fellow-poets, had attained his place, took life with less passionate earnestness than did Schiller, with less laborious seriousness than did Goethe, yet pursued perfection in his craft as poet no less diligently than did either the one or the other. His was, indeed, a delightfully complex, or rather an iridescent character. A child of the eighteenth century, a light-armed volunteer in the war of intellectual illumination, yet with a vein of pietism in his composition, which showed itself in earlier and in later years; not without a portion of the light sensuality of the century, and deeply attached to his excellent but not too comely wife; capable of mockery, yet with outbreaks of romance and effusive sentiment; mundane, yet with seasons of exalted feeling; reasonable, tender, and ironical, Wieland showed a more steadfast appreciation of the worth of Goschen than can be found in either of the poets whom Wieland hailed as his successors, and without one touch of ignoble envy.

And Goschen himself, in his own province a modest hero, moving among these greater figures, looking up to them with admiration, yet always maintaining the dignity of his independent, individual character, deserved, both in his private and his public life, all the esteem, all the loyal affection which were given to him. From the poverty of his boyhood he was rescued by the special providence of a stranger's benevolence. Goschen never forgot the goodness of his father by adoption, and when Herr Rulffs in the days of the Napoleonic tyranny fell under suspicion, then especially Goschen remembered it, and, against the warnings of prudent friends, had the courage to come forward and save his imprisoned benefactor. Turning the griefs of his boyhood to gains, Goschen remained always the friend and helper of friendless and helpless boys. By his steadfastness, industry, intelligence, and worthy ambition he climbed, hand over hand, to the position of a great publisher, yet his tastes in private life remained simple to the last, and it was rather on the products of his press than on his personal surroundings that he bestowed a certain refined splendour. The difficulties which he met and mastered were many and formidable. His capital was small. The German public would purchase an Annual or a New Year's gift-book by thousands, while a few hundred copies of a new drama by Goethe, in the authorised edition, would satisfy their demand; therefore the success of the Annual must be utilised to help out the comparative failure of a poem or a play. The piratical publishers were many and unscrupulous, and if anything maddened Goschen, it was the black flag flying at the pirate's mast-head. Soon came the political excitement of the French Revolution, when a journal with the latest news from Paris was more interesting than a book, however witty, or however wise. And hard upon the Revolution followed the marches and counter-marches of vast armies, the victories and defeats of Austrians, Prussians, French, when the book trade was literally annihilated. Political publications were dangerous, and the censor hovered over the press. Even in his old age Goschen had his troubles, for the business entrusted to his son, the feckless Fritz, as Fritz's nephew irreverently names him, toppled and fell, and partly involved the father in its ruin.

There was a charming mingling of the steady man of business and the romantic enthusiast in Goschen's nature. Sometimes his utterances, as a lover and as a friend, are in the manner of unrestrained sensibility, which the publication of "Werther" did not bring to an end. Such utterances are not perhaps to the taste of the present day; but their error lies not in saying too much—speech is human, and when the chin-band is fastened we shall each of us have time for a long silence. Their error lies in precisely an opposite direction; they miss all that can be conveyed by reserve, by half lights, by humour, by irony, by occult suggestion. They level up until height and hollow of feeling become one. Yet, perhaps the effusive manner is less fatiguing than the epigrammatic. In the carnival of speech one would rather be pelted with roses than with *confetti*. Underlying all else in Goschen's character were deep affections, strong benevolence, and a religious feeling, which was at once liberal and unostentatiously devout.

It would need a long article to indicate all the various topics of interest which render these volumes a work of permanent value. The notices of persons distinguished and influential in their own day, but now almost forgotten, are not the least interesting parts of Lord Goschen's work; the career, for example, of the erratic proof reader, Seume, supplies material for an admirable chapter. Thanks are due to Mr. Murray for the beautiful form in which he has presented Lord Goschen's narrative, and for a series of excellent portraits and illustrations. An error on p. 112 of the second volume is worth correcting; line 4, for *Fielding* read *Smollett*.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

MADAME ADAM'S REMINISCENCES.*

Madame Adam feels some regret for the tendency of to-day to take an interest in the personality of writers rather than in their books. Nevertheless, after some arguing to and fro, she declares, "We must obviously submit to the custom." Her submission, it must be said, is whole-hearted. Only in one episode of her youth does she show reticence. Yet in her revelations and confessions good taste is not violated, frank though these are, and sometimes even breathlessly astounding.

Readers of Madame Adam's story who know childhood of the English nursery type, must wonder the last page does not recount an early death or seclusion in a madhouse. It is wholesomely upsetting to the average educational theory to know that this tale is but the prelude to an active, useful, and brilliant career. After all, it is easy to overdo our brain-lulling system—and probably the writer of these reminiscences always counted her peculiar and agitated education more as gain than as loss. The persons of the drama move before us full of life and passion. At less than a year old the child is stolen from her parents by her grandmother, with whom she mostly lives till her marriage. At every meeting of the two families she is struggled for violently, in her presence. This "family drama," with tears and recriminations, is perpetually recurring. Each actor in it is strong-willed, passionate, violent, enthusiastic, and proselytising. (Madame Adam excepts her mother—but the very cold-bloodedness of Olympe has something strongly individual in it.) The grandfather, *bon viveur*, and indulgent, is Bonapartist; the grandmother, aristocratic, romantic beyond belief, is Orleanist and Catholic. The father, pure idealist, disinterested, type of the men of '48, is revolutionary, socialist, and freethinker. In her very tenderest years she is instructed by each of them in their special faith—cajoled, entreated, coerced, argued with—and her judgment and decision are awaited with anxious suspense. Extraordinarily precocious, Juliette realises her responsibilities, gives adherence now here, now there, never frivolously—till the walls of her little brain begin to shake. She is victim—but she is also tyrant and judge; forces her elders to bend to her will, to fulfil her caprices, and is their cool dictator in family quarrels. She has, too, her own special tragedies, and perhaps the most memorable chapter in the book is that which records the loss of her garden—sold by her grandmother to secure a *dot* for her. It was no slight vexation, but a long and bitter grief. "All the noise of the demolition of the garden broke my heart. During the night, the moaning of the wind made me think that I heard the death-sighs of my trees." The breach between her grandmother and herself was all but irreparable.

At school Juliette led thought and opinion as a matter of course. In '48 her father's influence was uppermost, and she was a revolutionary leader of valiant schoolgirls. When the barricades were raised in Paris, she waved a republican flag in the schoolroom, and called to all true hearts to follow her. The opposition bore down on them—reactionary schoolmates and the governess. A hand to hand fight resulted in Juliette's defeat and dismissal. Even her Orleanist grandmother rejoiced at her courage, and, of course, her father was jubilant. A more soothing influence came from her three grandaunts—women of intellect and culture, but of soberer temper than her more immediate relatives. On her visits to them they dressed her like a peasant, and made her work with them in the fields, and gave her the simple pleasures of a country life. But as they disapproved of both her parents' and her grandparents' opinions, and said so, the propaganda of which she was the incessant victim did not cease even in their company. When one adds that each of her friends did their separate best to imbue her with literary culture, and that religious controversy added to her excitement, something of the fever of this young life may be conceived. She was in her early teens when her own reflections made a lull in this storm of warring influences. "I felt for the first time in my life, perhaps, that I had only a very youthful mind." And she was but a child when she knew the agony of an unhappy marriage. Her father consoled her with, "Work, work, and become known. There is no other way by which a woman can gain her liberty than by affirming her personality." How she affirmed it will be the subject of her next volume of reminiscences.

* "The Romance of my Childhood and Youth." By Madame Edmond Adam (Juliette Lambert). Translated by Helen Stanley. 6s. (Heinemann.)

MADAME ADAM, 1856, AGED TWENTY-THREE YEARS.
The author of "The Romance of My Childhood and Youth," from an etching by Leopold Flameng.
(Reproduced from "The Romance of My Childhood and Youth," by kind permission of Mr. Wm. Heinemann.)

NEW GRUB STREET—AND AFTER.*

Few or none of his readers can doubt that in "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft" Mr. Gissing has given something of his own autobiography and opinions in a thin disguise of fiction. Needless to say how greatly this inner significance adds to the value and intensifies the human appeal of a book that, even apart from any such personal quality, possesses a charm and an interest peculiarly its own. Prefacing it, in his capacity of editor, Mr. Gissing tells us that Henry Ryecroft died a year ago; the literary journals touched lightly on his books and writings, and dismissed him to his grave with little honour; and these papers were among the unpublished MSS. he left behind him. Mr. Gissing briefly sketches Ryecroft's career: "He was a struggling man, beset by poverty and other circumstances very unpropitious to mental work. Many forms of literature had he tried; in none had he been conspicuously successful. . . . . It was a bitter thought that, after so long and hard a struggle with unkindly circumstance, he might end his life as one of the defeated." But he was saved from this, for, when he was fifty years of age, and "his health had begun to fail and his energies to show abatement," a friend died and left the wayworn man of letters an annuity of three hundred pounds. Thereupon he quitted London, engaged a rustic housekeeper, and established himself in a cottage near Exeter. He had gone there intending "never to write another line for publication," but he broke his resolu-

* "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft." By George Gissing. 6s. (Constable).

tion so far as to keep a sort of diary, in which he set down "as humour bade him, a thought, a reminiscence, a bit of reverie, a description of his state of mind, and so on," and it is this intimate written gossip that is reproduced in these pages.

Looking back from the tranquil depths of the rural paradise he so alluringly describes, he reviews, sometimes sadly, sometimes bitterly, or with a philosophic resignation, or with an occasional wistfulness of regret, the hardship and heartbreak of his earlier years, and the strife and misery of that literary world from which he has thankfully banished himself. Wandering free from anxiety and contentedly alone through his leafy Devon lanes, he remembers his earlier and unhappy loneliness in London, his high ambitions, his hopes and disappointments, the bare little rooms in which he dreamed and wrote and starved in certain of those dull streets off Tottenham Court Road that Mr. Gissing has so vividly rebuilt in at least one of his novels. On the whole, the young literary aspirant will find nothing that is inspiring in these reminiscences, and much that is as

GEORGE GISSING,
Whose new book, "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft," has just been published by Messrs. Constable and Co.
Photo by Elliott and Fry.

discouraging and depressing as it is profoundly true. "I dare not think," writes Ryecroft, "of those I have left behind me in the ink-stained world. . . . . Oh, you heavy-laden, who at this hour sit down to the cursed travail of the pen! . . . . Innumerable are the men and women now writing for bread, who have not the least chance of finding in such work a permanent livelihood. They took to writing because they knew not what else to do, or because the literary calling tempted them by its independence and its dazzling prizes. They will hang on to the squalid profession, their earnings eked out by begging and borrowing, until it is too late for them to do anything else—and then? With a lifetime of dread experience behind me, I say that he who encourages any young man or woman to look for his living to 'literature' commits no less than a crime. . . . . Hateful as is the struggle for life in every form, this rough-and-tumble of the literary arena seems to me sordid and degrading beyond all others. Oh, your prices per thousand words! Oh, your paragraphings, and your interviewings! And oh, the black despair that awaits those downtrodden in the fray."

Not that Ryecroft fails to recognise the salutary virtues of poverty, within reasonable limits. Ruminating, later, on the present state of the literary world from which he is withdrawn, he wonders, "Is there, at this moment, any boy of twenty, fairly educated, but without means, without help, with nothing but the glow in his brain and steadfast courage in his heart, who sits in a London garret and writes for dear life?" Possibly; yet he doubts it. "Many biographical sketches have I read, during the last decade, ... but never one in which there was a hint of stern struggle, of the pinched stomach and frozen fingers. I surmise that the path of 'literature' is being made too easy." (From which it is evident that Mr. Gissing does not know New Grub Street so well as he used to). . . . . "Starvation, it is true, does not necessarily produce fine literature; but one feels uneasy about these carpet authors. To the two or three who have a measure of conscience and vision I could wish, as the best thing, some calamity which would leave them friendless in the streets. They would perish, perhaps. But set that possibility against the all but certainty of their present prospect—fatty degeneration of the soul; and is it not acceptable?" This strikes the right, loftier strain, and may serve as something of an antistrophe to the preceding jeremiad, which for all its truthfulness is not entirely true, since before you can advise any one whether or not he can earn a living by literature you want to get at the real inwardness of his ambition and understand what he means by a "living."

When Ryecroft turns from brooding on his past he is not more interesting (that were impossible), but he is happier. He is happiest chatting of his favourite authors; opening a fresh parcel of books from town; rambling in country solitudes; entertaining some rare visitor from London; musing on social problems, national traits, on life at large, and death, and the life beyond death. His remote, meditative existence in his pleasant Devonshire haven is perfectly realised and pictured, and some of the descriptions of natural scenery and the change of seasons are among the most exquisite things in a book one lingers over delightedly and lays down with reluctance, but lays down at last with a stronger appreciation of Mr. Gissing's outlook, with a greater esteem of him as a writer, and with that sort of personal regard for him which does not always go along with one's admiration.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

FRANK NORRIS'S "THE PIT."

Frank Norris died leaving his trilogy unfinished. It was to consist of three novels—"The Octopus," "The Pit," and "The Wolf." "The Octopus," a story of wheat raising and railroad greed in California, was published in 1901. It belonged to no school of American letters, but immediately made a place for itself. It had its faults—the faults of youth and prodigal abundance—the faults that belong to the land of sun and harvest of which he wrote. And yet to-day it seems that these very faults are a part of its charm, and on the whole, one would not have the book altered or revised in a single line.

And now there comes the second of the trilogy, "The Pit"—a story of wheat markets and speculative greed in Chicago. "The Pit" is a book of fewer pages than "The Octopus," also of fewer characters, of less lavish conception. It is the skilled work of the mature artist who pursues his idea in a straight line, gaining impetus and power with every page, rising at last to fine and triumphant achievement that brings the reader to his feet, takes him out of himself, leaves him at last in the realisation that a big book—a bit of real literature—is in his hands.

The progress of Curtis Jadwin—the picture of that supreme moment in the Pit where he stands alone with the bears tearing at his throat—these things are not easily surpassed. From the vast periphery of the world the golden tide of grain is whirled into the fierce maelstrom of La Salle Street, where at the central point stands Curtis Jadwin, the towering figure about which every other character in the book is made to revolve. Masterful, good-natured, daring, lucky, with little of culture and no very delicate sense of honesty in the matter of a deal, he is the typical Chicago wheat trader whose Pit education is acquired by leaps and bounds until with clear far-seeing brain and limitless confidence in his own judgment and good fortune, he is able to "swing a corner," and hold the food supply of nations in his grasp. Every

* "The Pit." Being the second volume of "The Epic of the Wheat." By Frank Norris. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

other character in the book is accessory to Jadwin. Sam Gretry, the broker; Landry Court, the clear-eyed, clean-hearted young trader; the Cresslers; old Hargus, the derelict—a bit of drift flung up by the maelstrom—these are

THE LATE MR. FRANK NORRIS,
Author of "The Pit."

some of the figures, drawn to the life, that revolve and eddy and swing about the great speculator—himself caught and flung by the Pit's mighty whirlpool, until the roar of the Exchange, the grind and clatter of the street, the very beating of his heart and throbbing of his brain echo but the one refrain, "Wheat, wheat, wheat—wheat, wheat, wheat!"

In "The Pit" as in "The Octopus" love has its part in the story, but with a difference. In "The Octopus" the love element, beautiful though it was, was incidental. In "The Pit" the love, if less beautiful, is of deeper importance, seldom lost sight of, never forgotten, by the reader. The character of Laura Jadwin—an intellectual creature of moods, chasing her own elusive personality in the pursuit of self analysis, actress to her finger tips, sincere in her very insincerity—is one that men will love, women will discuss, and all remember. With Corthill, the artist—an artist in whom we do not quite believe—she forms a picture apart from the others, wherein that side of her character but slightly understood by Jadwin is given its opportunity for a development that seems likely to lead beyond even the swirling outreach of the Pit, which, in common with Corthill, she detests. In her great house, alone, without companions or sympathy, with all the world at her beck, and yet with no single thing that she can hold to her heart and call her own, the reader's broadest sympathy goes out to Laura Jadwin, and he is ready (mind, we say *he*) to forgive her anything.

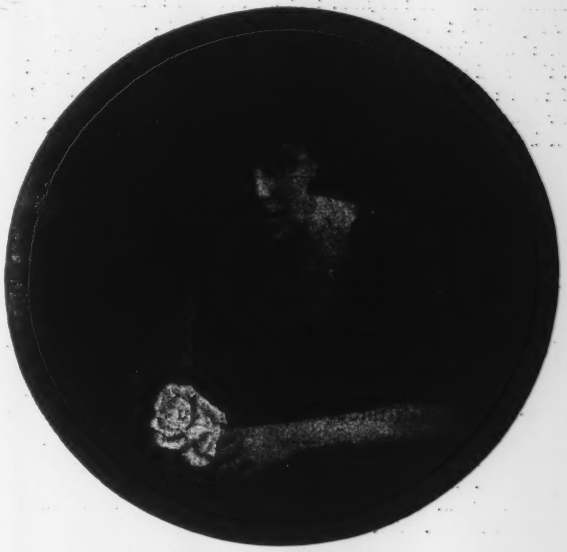
"The Octopus," "The Pit," "The Wolf"—the big conception of one capable of making of it a big reality. The first two have come to us out of the author's youth and strength. The third, "The Wolf," will never be written.

Yet to those who have read "The Octopus" and "The Pit," it will not seem that the author has left his work undone. In "The Octopus" he gave us the scope and magnitude of his full conception. In "The Pit" he more than once projects his thought into the scene and atmosphere of the book that was to follow. Indeed, the final story is suggested throughout, while in one place we are given a brief but graphic picture of the Wolf itself—the famine abroad, resulting from wheat shortage and Pit speculation—"the loaf small as the fist and costly"—the bitterness of the cry for bread. Through the bellow and roar of the Pit we hear the bark and snarl of the Wolf—the gaunt cry of hunger—we picture for ourselves the deadly misfortune of crop failure —the blighting curse of greed. Perhaps it is better that these things should be suggested than amplified. Their detail, as depicted by Frank Norris, would have been masterly, sombre, terrible. Perhaps unconsciously he felt that this book would never be written, and so, without knowing it, made the writing unnecessary. His work seems completed as it stands;—the Epic of the Wheat is finished.

MRS. WILFRID WARD'S NEW NOVEL.

"Mr. Biddulph has the last word," says my author; and meet and right it is that he should, being the embodied conscience of a story in which I set him up as the most original, the most taking figure. He is not a Catholic, this rough, sturdy, half-blind Briton, who says his prayers, however sleepy, loves like a friend not self-regarding, and has every inward grace, but hardly any manners. Pity we shall see no more of Mr. Biddulph! But let him stand as witness that if I speak well of the pen that evoked him, I do so neither as a sectarian nor from mere politeness. Fellow-feeling ought indeed to make us wondrous kind. For my part I wish those who run down other people's books so lightly would first try to write a book of any sort themselves. Which, however, let them not suppose to be on this occasion a plea for mercy. "The Light Behind" is a very accomplished novel, more likely to please than even her previous one, in which Mrs. Wilfrid Ward attained distinction and success. I offer some reasons. But if anyone does not believe me, he can buy the book and judge for himself.

There is a French quality in these chapters, call it art or workmanship, not common to greater experts, which stamps them as literature. They are charmingly written, with a flow, a brightness, a natural sense of fun and pathos, a gentle irony—all ingredients of a wholesome cup. No vice is here tricked out in sentiment or worshipped with hysterics. It is not with Mrs. Ward an "open question" whether men shall in their disappointment commit suicide, or women break their marriage vow, or divorce be reckoned an eighth sacrament. Yet—we are bound (oh mores!) in this Christian country to say "yet"—the book is full of pleasant things, quite as entertaining as if it were wicked, sometimes possibly more so. All plots being exhausted (I think as far back as the time of Diogenes Laertius, who reckons up their variations) this plot is among the well-known—two women, one man, monogamy the law of all decent folk, divorce



MRS. WILFRID WARD,
Author of "The Light Behind."
Photo by Pestel, Eastbourne.

accessible to the not so decent; given these, to find a solution. Of course there is a second man, the husband; I was forgetting him; but he supplies only the indispensable

* "The Light Behind." By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. 6s. (John Lane.)

difficulty. The women are prettily matched and contrasted; Lady Anne is a study in half-tones, Lady Crediton glitters in pearls and white satin. We may call the problem "Lady Crediton's discovery of herself." She was an injured wife, a good woman, but fancied always that she was a better one. For this not inexcusable superstition she is made to pay dear. Exactly as on the Greek stage—say in the "Alcestis" of Euripides—the "grim feature," Death, lurks behind the scenes, biding his time. He is an actor, a god from the machine, this Thanatos, and the moment there is a decisive call for him, enter the shade!

Such things happen. The *dénouement* is, in fact, a chance—not inevitable—and this brings us to the man, Henry Dacres. Drawn with insight, not without pity, the irresolute handsome lad, born and bred a Catholic, stirs in me at least melancholy thoughts. That he should be weak and wavering is not my trouble; *humanum est*. But, if I construe the lesson aright, some elements—bark and steel in a metaphor—were lacking to his education at Stonyhurst, and to his unfinished course in the seminary where he went to be a priest. Luckily, the young fellow never took orders, else we might have had the "bishop's dilemma" enacted again; while now—but I hate, as I often say, to tell tales out of school, and Mrs. Ward shall tell her own. A point, however, may be noted. Writing as a lady for ladies, the author distributes to her own sex the noblest parts. She does not resemble Charlotte Brontë or the man-worshippers who lived in ages when woman-suffrage was unknown. This mark of a somewhat decadent literature is now everywhere visible. That Henry Dacres should be pleasant to behold is no great commendation. In spirit he is what used to pass for feminine, *mais nous avons changé tout cela*. Very curious to reflect upon! Biddulph is the man, but we are not reading his tragedy. Dacres, like Pope's women, has no character at all.

Thanks to her Catholic resources, the author contrives a last scene which will surprise and be applauded. It is quite touching; it cannot be thought incredible. At this culminating point, as elsewhere, the effect is dramatic. But a level tone of good society forbids violence, and I seem to have before me some delicately clear painting of the eighteenth century, gracious in its outlines, soft in its colour, yet well drawn and definite—a miniature which will not fade. To compare the style with another, more impassioned or ambitious, would be to mistake the duty of a critic. It is excellent in its kind, adequately managed, satisfying as the Romneys for which Mrs. Ward betrays her admiration. Let me add, nor be thought a street-preacher for saying it, the book is steeped in goodness. Not mawkish, not moralising, neither controversial nor in the bad sense of the word a "religious" novel, it loves to trace the portraits of men and women who believe. There are such, still; I have come across them, once in a way. And why should they not be brought into our circulating libraries?

WILLIAM BARRY.

WEE MACGREEGOR.*

Here is one of those rare arrivals, a book of genuine humour. There have been many other books written about children, but "Wee Macgreegor" differs from them all. He has his own quaint, boyish individuality, and it is no exaggeration to say that recent fiction has given us no more delightfully whimsical or quietly sympathetic creations than this sturdy, human young laddie, his father and mother and his small sister Jeannie. Long before you are half through the book you are intimate with the four of them, and as keenly interested in their experiences as if they were a living family and you were actually acquainted with them. Yet those experiences are nothing unusual or extravagant: they go out shopping together; or to tea to Aunt Purdie's; or to the Zoo; or for a week-end to Macgregor's grandparents; or Macgregor is unwell and his father nurses him—whatever it is, and wherever they go, the reader follows them with the warmest interest and the kindliest, heartiest laughter in the world. In the homely naturalness of its humour lies the book's great charm, and we do not wonder that it has already been amazingly successful—it deserved to be.

* "Wee Macgreegor." By J. J. B. 1s. net. (Glasgow: Scots Pictorial Publishing Co., Ld.)

Novel Notes.

LORD LEONARD THE LUCKLESS. By W. E. Norris. 6s. (Methuen.)

On the death of an uncle and two cousins in a railway accident, young Hubert Leonard unexpectedly succeeds to a peerage. This is about the only stroke of luck, if it can be called such, that ever befalls him. Thenceforward, misfortune seems to dog him relentlessly, and as often as not it is his own generosity and good nature that cause or contribute to his sorrows. The girl he loved, and was engaged to, is treacherously won from him by the man he had counted his only friend; and when at length he marries, nothing comes of it but misery and disaster. Such a course of suffering would have embittered most men, but Lord Leonard remains kindly, considerate, forgiving, and carries the reader's sympathies with him to the end. The book has all the ease and charm we have learned to look for in whatever Mr. Norris writes; in Lord Leonard he essays a more subtle psychological study than usual, and his plot is as cleverly constructed and as interesting as the best he has given us.

THE FETICH OF THE FAMILY. By E. A. Barnett. 6s. (Heinemann.)

After a long betrothal, Sidney Whitchurch returns from the Government post he has occupied in China and marries his cousin Carrie, a commonplace girl, actuated by a strong sense of duty, who had waited patiently, taking her destiny for granted. Their first child, Blanche, is from birth half-witted; their second, Rhoda, is sound in intellect, but not physically robust. Blanche, by virtue of her affliction, is elevated into a fetich; she must be humoured, and given her own way; the comfort and happiness of everybody about her must be sacrificed to hers. This comes especially hard upon Rhoda; for it is felt that, as a matter of sisterly duty, she must devote her life to the unfortunate Blanche, she must be her constant guardian and companion; Rhoda cannot accept invitations anywhere unless her sister also is invited, and by degrees Blanche's unreliable temper and objectionable ways close almost every door against both of them. Rhoda suffers greatly by this, as a child; she suffers and loses far more by it as a woman. The psychology of the book is extremely able. There is much in it that is unpleasant and even horrible, but it has an originality and power and compelling interest that atone for whatever is repellent in its theme.

WORLD'S PEOPLE. By Julien Gordon. 6s. (Methuen.)

This is a book of short stories whose title is explained by this note on the fly-leaf: "As we turned our horses' heads from Lebanon, we asked a lad, who swung across a gate, the name of a distant village nestled among the hills. 'How can I tell?' drawled the young hypocrite. 'They're world's people.'" The thirteen stories grouped under this comprehensive heading are by turns witty, flippant, cynical, and sentimental, with the cynical note, perhaps, predominant. Mr. Gordon has a considerable knowledge of humanity, and writes with an unflagging vivacity and cleverness.

A HUMBLE LOVER. By M. Betham-Edwards. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

The existence or non-existence of manners and morals among the peasantry of East Anglia has of late been the subject of a wild and whirling discussion in one of the daily papers. Readers of Miss Betham-Edwards' novels know that her knowledge of that particular peasantry is intimate and exhaustive, and will have learned from her that they are neither the fiends nor the angels those correspondents represented them to be, but as compact of vice and virtue as humanity is in every other part of the country. "A Humble Lover" is the story of how a young farmer was subdued by the innocent fascinations of the two pretty granddaughters of a poor curate, and the means by which he came to learn at last which of the two was the one he really loved. The placid, gentle old curate is an exquisite creation. Life in his mean cottage; at the rectory; at William Luff's farm; in the market town—it is all pictured with a most realistic fidelity, and the story moving among these surroundings is one to read as well for its own intrinsic interest as for the charm of style with which it is written.

XUM

A CANNY COUNTRYSIDE. By John Horne. 5s. net. (Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier.)

"The short and simple annals of the poor" strike a reader as being somewhat different in Knockdry from those, implied by the poet Gray, in rural England. Knockdry may contain some village Hampden, some mute inglorious Milton, or guiltless Cromwell—indeed, there are some fundamental signs of potentialities in more than one of Mr. Horne's characters—but there is also a general shrewdness, a "canniness," a tendency to strategic measures, a far-sightedness in the majority of them, which does not quite coincide with the accepted idea of the weary, plodding ploughman. Knockdry—men and land—is shown in simple, forceful words. The village, which lies beyond the south road from Wick, is an "exposed sheet of earth, almost frank in its nakedness. . . . Every door is in sight, from the kirk on the south to the mill on the north, and the points of the compass are clear for miles." The eye of the mind can see it distinctly; but it is not a village in which anyone can "blush unseen." "Drizzly," for one, would detect the change of colour in an instant; for cannot "Drizzly" "pull your life's chapters out of you with his hands in his pockets." Knockdry can criticise, too, and pass its comments, and convey its opinion of a man by the very way it handles his name, a christened Alexander being sifted to Sanny, or Sannag, or Sannagie, according to his worth; public opinion being marked strong in every gradation. Mr. Horne's writing is racy and pertinent; he possesses the valuable intuition which guides him to know exactly when to stop. In these Scottish sketches there is no overloading of sentiment, no excess of descriptive writing, no unnecessary comment. Some few of the chapters are inclined towards sadness, most are humorous; but all suggest, in a few well-chosen words, the habits, appearance, characters of this people of Knockdry, and go straight to their mark with ease and picturesque effect.

THE SQUIREEN. By Shan F. Bullock. 6s. (Methuen.)

The charm of "The Squireen" is difficult to convey in a review, emanating as it does almost entirely from the manner of its writing—from the infusion into every chapter of a strong feeling for the grace and charm of homely and simple things. The story in itself is slight and not very new. The Squireen has run through all his money, and marries humble Jane Trant for the dowry that goes with her. But both this and the scene where he bargains for her, as if a piece of cattle on market day, are incidents that reappear incessantly in novels dealing with the farmer and yeoman class. But the character of Jane is an original achievement. She is so touching, so infinitely attractive, and at the same time so strictly kept within the limits of her class and up-bringing, that she moves one like a person actually known in life, like a presence seen and missed in familiar existence. Her piteous struggle against her people and the marriage, and her last pathetic revolt upon the very morning of the wedding, are among the most touching incidents in the volume. But there follows a charming period, and the early married life of these two, with the Squireen's sweet and dainty mother, is full of delightful pictures. All through it the atmosphere of home—the comfortable but essentially simple home of the old yeoman class—has something like the freshness of open-air and sunlight. That the pathos should finally deepen until it swallows up all the delicate cheerfulness of the middle, is to be regretted. The plea of being more true to life is not to be accepted, for the Squireen's last ride and death seem the one forced incident in the story, while the reader, deeply enamoured of Jane, feels aggrieved at leaving her, at the very moment when hope seemed permissible, to a final calamity of heart and fortune.

CRIMSON LILIES. By May Crommelin. 6s. (John Long.)

Miss Crommelin's new novel is best described as an average story, brightly told, and with the interest well sustained until the end. It is not intended as a psychological study, and, therefore, to complain that the characters of the principal persons may be described simply as good Jew, bad Jew, bad Lord, good hero, and, it goes without saying, good heroine, is perhaps invidious. The reader is perfectly familiar with the types given, or more accurately with their action under fairly improbable circumstances, for the types remain after all a little vague in the end, though this again is a reproach applying equally to nine out of every ten novels published. Taken purely as a story with an abundance of uninterrupted plot, the book is pleasant reading enough. The mystery of the heroine's parentage is well sustained, though the tricks by which the entangled threads are suddenly unravelled and drawn together at the end, are unworthy of so skilled a story teller. The abruptness of it alone leaves the reader gasping, and the disposal of three undesirable persons in one fell swoop, by the most improbable drowning, somewhat taxes credulity, especially when the equally brusque reappearance of the hero, previously supposed to be dead, occurs immediately afterwards. In spite of this the story will not be found dull by most people. When we have said that the heroine is first discovered dressed as a small acrobat and disguised as a boy, in a vicious Jew's travelling fair, and that she is left the Lady Miriel of Vale Royal, being granddaughter and heiress of the wicked Lord Vale Royal, enough has been revealed to show that a good many things must occur in the interval, and that there is plenty of stirring incident before the last page is closed upon the general happiness of all the deserving characters.

JOHN HORNE,
Author of "A Canny Countryside."
(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier.)

TRELAWNEY AND HIS FRIENDS. By Holman Freeland. 6s. (Isbister.)

Mr. Freeland knows the art world of Paris, and emphasises his knowledge by his irritating habit of inserting scraps of French. For the rest he writes frankly, with a rough and ready classification of men and women. His theme is not pleasant, but the moral is irreproachable. Unfortunately

he is faced by the old difficulty of making the reader realise the fascination of his hero. Even Anthony Hope could not make us believe in Quisante, and still less do we feel the charm of Mr. Freeland's hero. But it is essential to Mr. Freeland's plot that we should come under Trelawney's spell; otherwise his conduct, at least in the earlier part of the book, is unpardonable. It is an error of taste to use the name of a well-known French painter and to introduce an incident of recent history, the fire at the charity bazaar, especially with an Englishman and a Frenchman to play hero and villain respectively. Still, with all these deductions, Mr. Freeland deserves our thanks for honest uncompromising work. There is no false sentiment or sugary commonplace about "Trelawney and his Friends."

LAVENDER AND OLD LACE. By Myrtle Reed. 6s. (Putnam.)

It is rare to find a book in which every detail of *format* and treatment is so admirably in keeping with the rest. Nothing could be more appropriate than the title, and nothing daintier than the binding and printing of "Lavender and Old Lace." Indeed, such is the temptation to praise it unreservedly, we might say that Miss Reed has given us an American "Cranford." It is a charming story, charmingly told. Nothing particular happens; there is no excitement, no sensation, and none seems needed. It is simply the uneventful narrative of placid village life in New England, told with exquisite delicacy and humour and well chosen detail. The characterisation is slight but sufficient. There is nothing heavy either in style or treatment. It is refreshing, in this age of six-shilling "shockers" and morbid psychology, to find a book with all the daintiness of old lace and the air of calm and peace which seems to go with the scent of lavender.

THE EARTH AND THE FULNESS THEREOF. By Peter Rosegger. 6s. (Putnam.)

The central idea of this book seems distinctly novel. A Vienna journalist, for a wager, undertakes to live for a year among the peasants. He settles down in a lonely Styrian mountain village, and gradually becomes more and more wedded to country life, till at last he marries a beautiful peasant girl and resigns himself to farming for the rest of his days. There is a twofold interest in the transition from the townsman to the countryman, and in the study of peasant life, first from the outside and finally from the inside. Beginning as a mere journalist hunting for copy, the narrator widens his sympathies, till he reaches the peasant standpoint, yet with the pen of a scholar. This is a book of real originality. It is fresh in conception and in treatment, fresh, at any rate, as far as the English reader is concerned. Miss Skinner's translation is adequate. She has struggled hard with the intricacies of German idiom, and on the whole with fair success.

THE OTHER MAN. By M. J. Pritchard. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Pritchard's hero loses his money at cards in the first chapter, and wins it back again in the last. "The Other Man" is a chronicle of the events which happened in between, while the hero retired to a country vicarage. The gambling scenes are well done; indeed, they form the strongest part of the book. For the rest, the end is too easy to foresee, and the character of the Other Man himself is unconvincingly handled. We cannot believe that any country gentleman, early in the last century, would have attempted to abduct one woman when on the point of marrying another. Osmond Devereux is no fool, and not wholly a knave, and yet this is what Mr. Pritchard makes him attempt. Pensée Hamilton is a well-drawn study, and the scenes between her and Osmond Devereux show real grip in handling a difficult situation. But the story as a whole seems somehow lacking in interest.

POOR SONS OF A DAY. By Allan McAulay. 6s. (Nisbet.)

The meteoric career of the Young Pretender seems to have the same fascination for novelists as his magnetic personality had for his followers. Volumes, shelves, whole libraries of books have been written round him, and now it needs a bold man to add another to the list. But Mr. McAulay, as befits a man who had already written a novel round Burns, was not to be daunted. The result is "Poor Sons of a Day," a stirring tale marked by a thorough knowledge of the country and the people, and a keen insight into history. The story of the '45 is admirably retold, and with it is blended a charming love idyll.

The Bookman's Table.

SELECT PASSAGES FROM THE INTRODUCTIONS TO PLATO, AND FROM THE THEOLOGICAL WRITINGS OF BENJAMIN JOWETT. Edited by Professor Lewis Campbell. pp. 246 and 242. 2s. 6d. net each volume. (John Murray.)

These beautiful little volumes—they weigh together just ten ounces—are a happy memorial of a remarkable man, and to those who only know Prof. Jowett vaguely by reputation, they will be a surprise. It is generally believed that, like Whewell at Cambridge, he claimed to be omniscient, as is indicated by the well-known couplet:

> "I am the Master of this college,
> And what I don't know isn't knowledge,"

while that he did not please "the straitest sect of our religion," is attested by the nickname "Master of Belial." Those, however, who read these extracts will find that they exhibit the very different qualities of rare simplicity and an almost childlike faith. If the writer has studied philosophy, it is not that he may amaze the ignorant

> "With words of learnèd length and thundering sound,"

but that he may make its teaching clear to all; if he has explored theology, it is only to come back to that "Gospel of Christ," than which, he says, "there is nothing simpler in this world." His edition of Plato's Dialogues is so well known that it is not needful to say much about these extracts from the Introductions. They were made by that fine scholar, the late Mr. Evelyn Abbott, and, though they suffer from their fragmentary character, they bring out in a very marked manner the real and living relation between Plato's thought and many modern problems; nor can any fault be found with the collection, except, perhaps, that it will enable those who never read a word of Plato to talk and write about him with a too easy familiarity. On the other hand, Jowett's theological writings and sermons are less generally known, and this tiny volume ought to command considerable attention, for, in addition to some hitherto unpublished fragments of great merit, there is much in it which is of the highest quality. The style is clear, simple, and stamped everywhere with sincerity. Of controversy there is little or nothing. The writer seems to have outgrown theology. It is in the plain, clear, indisputable sayings of Christ that he finds "the centre, the heart, the life of the Christian religion," for he says—and what weary student of theology would not agree?—"it may very likely be the case that when all the endless books and tomes of scholastic Divinity, ancient and modern, shall have ceased to interest mankind, the words of Christ, and these alone, shall prevail." No criticism can affect their truth as rules of life, just as no scientific discoveries can affect "that belief in love, in truth, in justice, in holiness which may sustain us in the valley of the shadow of death." Whether a creed so undogmatic is consistent with the formulæ of the English Church, he does not seem greatly to care. "A person of what are termed liberal opinions" cannot, he knows, in any literal sense subscribe the thirty-nine articles, but he answers this objection by quoting the saying of Dean Stanley, "that if subscription is strictly enforced, then every one, from the Archbishop of Canterbury to the humblest clergyman in the wilds of Cumberland, must leave the Church." How far such an argument is valid different persons will decide differently, but those who criticise harshly the doctrine of men like Stanley and Jowett should recall how St. John summed up his teaching in the words "*Filioli, diligite alterutrum*," and refused to alter it, "*quia præceptum Domini est, et si solum fiat sufficit.*" That these extracts explain the peculiar power which Jowett exercised over men of high intellectual capacity cannot be asserted, for their tone is no way that of intellectual mastery. On the other hand, they do throw light on the secret of that extraordinary personal charm which, in spite of some eccentricities, he certainly possessed. Within half a dozen pages (217—214) of the second volume the reader will find three passages, one entitled "An Old Man's Retrospect," written just before his death in 1892—"he will soon," he tells us, "be crossing the bar and . . . . and going forth upon the ocean"—the second a tribute to Charles Dickens, and the third a notice, perfect both in form and feeling, of

Lady Augusta Stanley, which it is impossible to peruse without a sense of endearment to the writer. There is in them no touch of rhetoric or affectation. The style is plain and unadorned, but every word is instinct with sense, sympathy, and sincerity. They are the work of one in whom no weight of learning can crush the natural affections, and who is great enough not

"To lose the childlike in the larger mind."

The wise man, he says elsewhere, will know how to "reconcile the thoughts of the child with the thoughts of the philosopher," and it would almost seem as if he had effected the reconciliation. Certainly, if the character leaves its impress on the face, then the beautiful portrait of him, at the age of 76, prefixed to the first of these volumes, will suggest to many, what these selections from his writings also indicate, that Jowett was one of those rare beings who combine with the strength of a man and the insight of a scholar the charm and attractiveness of a child.

OBERMANN. By Etienne Pivert de Senancour. Translated, with Biographical and Critical Introduction, by Arthur Edward Waite. 6s. net. (Wellby.)

The fact that from Senancour's "Obermann" Matthew Arnold drew inspiration for two memorable poems, the first of which ranks among his highest achievements, was of itself sufficient to warrant a translation of this book and ensure a welcome for it, even if it did not carry its own more intrinsic recommendation with it. The strange thing is that it should have had to wait so long for a translator, for in this rendering of Mr. A. E. Waite's it is now done into English for the first time, though for years past it has enjoyed comparative popularity in France. The book was written, for the most part, while Senancour was sojourning, self-exiled, in Switzerland, and takes the form of a series of letters that, collected, resolve themselves into a sort of intimate journal of his wanderings, and reveries of the things he saw, and felt and thought; it is, within certain limits, as Mr. Waite puts it, "a note-book or ordinal of a soul errant on its way unguided through the world of life and time." Some of the letters are merely commonplace; others are quickened by vividly picturesque and poetical descriptive passages; but the abiding interest of most of them lies in their despairingly courageous outlook upon life and all its mutabilities.

A fever in these pages burns
Beneath the calm they feign;
A wounded human spirit turns
Here, on its bed of pain.

"I have become enamoured of dejection," writes Senancour, in his fifth letter; and soul-weariness, an ingrained melancholy and resignation are the prevailing notes throughout. "Obermann" may not mean to many of us so much as it meant to Matthew Arnold, but we think Mr. Waite is mistaken in his fear that its appeal is narrow, and to the initiated only; it is not so far beyond the experiences and outside the heart and mind of average humanity but that it may minister to the spiritual needs of quite ordinary thinking men. The book, with its high "cheerless truth," would otherwise be a dwindling quantity, and not the continuing literary force that it is. For Mr. Waite's translation we have nothing but praise; he has preserved the tone and charm of his original with an art of which few translators possess the secret, and his scholarly and informing preface is a no less admirable piece of work.

F. C. G.'S FROISSART'S MODERN CHRONICLES, 1902. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)

High events of the year 1902 (and truly 1902 was a year of high events) have been chronicled by our modern Froissart, "F. C. G.," with pen and pencil, and a vigorous reproduction of the sparkle and pithiness of the mediæval gossip. "F. C. G." is, as ever, kindly in this volume; perhaps an example of the extremity of his bitterness may be found in the first words of Chapter IV. "Let us now speak of the war in Africa, which continued after it had been ended." Truly there is humour without ill-humour throughout this delectable and diverting book; and the year 1902 passes again before our eyes, from its early days—"when the Earl of Durdans came up out of the furrow which he had set himself to plough," and Sir Cawmell de Bannerman met the Earl, after which these wise men played at the boomerang game of metaphor—through affairs of Parliament, the war in Africa, the Coronation, the comings and goings of Sir Dickon Seddon, the changes in the governance, and other matters of moment, not forgetting the "remount" question, about which our Froissart writes: ". . . . wheresoever the English knights or squires, who were commissioned in this business [the buying of horses], arrived and caused to be known the reason of their coming, the horse-dealers, copers and gipsies came thither to themward with multitudes of animals, which, so they said, were horses. Whether this was so or not I cannot of a surety say, but, as I have been informed, the English knights and squires purchased all the animals that were brought to them that had four legs. And if it fortuned that they refused any animal because it bore only three legs, then that same animal was brought to them again at night and sold." We trust that, having begun his Chronicles with the young century, Mr. Carruthers Gould may be pleased and encouraged to continue to divert us down the coming years with his amiable blending of fun and history. The ancient Froissart was to the school-boy an inimitable romanticist—may not we who have left school see facts in a pleasing manner?

SONGS OF AN ENGLISH ESAU. By Clive Phillipps-Wolley. 5s. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

Songs of Empire have been sung most vociferously lately, both in England and the Colonies; with a general effect of a great deal of chorus to very little song. And with many, even the best of them, you felt that the sources of inspiration did not run quite pure. Behind the poet you perceived the stockbroker. The hands were the hands of Esau, but the voice was the voice of Jacob. There is no doubt about Mr. Phillipps-Wolley's voice; no doubt whatever as to the purity of his inspiration. He is a true poet, and he can hold his own. He is content, this English Esau, with his hard-wrung blessing:

Game of a thousand hills for herded cattle;
Sweet-scented hemlock for thy weary head;
The wind for harper; for thy pastime, battle;
And for thy record, "In all lands he led."

His songs have the spirit of his own "Troubadour of Spring," the thrush that

Breasts all the bitterness of March,
Because behind the driving sleet
He hears young April's dancing feet.

Besides this note of freedom and the joy of living, he has the deeper lyric *cri de cœur*, Esau's "exceeding bitter cry." The blessing that he cries so loud for is unity. It is this passion that inspires his most virile songs, "The Sea Queen Wakes," "The U. E. Loyalists," and "Is Canada Loyal?" It finds its finest artistic expression in "The Chain of Empire," that noble elegy on the Pioneers, buried in Ross Bay Cemetery.

Where were you when the Spirit called you forth?
Dreaming in old-world gardens sweet with stocks,
Or, 'mid the purple heather of the North,
Watching the wanderings of your half wild flocks,
Till some white gull's wing glistened o'er the rocks

And took your eyes out seaward, where the wind
Filled the strong sails and mocked your idle rest.
How could you, Viking-bred, have stayed behind,
You who had sucked at that old mother's breast,
Whose children win the world from East to West?

But he has shown the darker side of colonisation too. In "Trawling Out" and "Night on the Frontier" he makes you feel the terrific loneliness of the isolated settler, sick "For the hum of mighty cities, and the faces that come and pass." In "Fooled" and "The Kootenay Prospector" you hear the scream of the virgin forest, violated by the settler's axe, and the cry of the gold-hunter's soul when he realises the pollution he has wrought. It is a pity that so many of these poems lack the finish which would have made them perfect. But we do not expect from Esau the smoothness and subtlety of Jacob. And Mr. Phillipps-Wolley is always nobly sincere; except in one poem, "England's Day" (which for him appears to be the day of the Millennium),

When there's nothing left to better,
And there's *no one left to fight.*

We really cannot believe that Mr. Phillipps-Wolley is looking forward with complacency to *that.*

Correspondence.

SHELLEY'S "STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION."

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

DEAR SIR,—With reference to Professor Ramsay's letter in the current number of THE BOOKMAN respecting the text of Shelley's "Stanzas written in Dejection near Naples," permit me to state that the MS. where I found the readings "might" and "earth" is now publicly exhibited at the Bodleian Library, and is a fair copy, to all appearance representing the text finally settled by the poet. When Professor Ramsay sees it, he will admit that the burden of proof rests upon the objector. I do not perceive how this burden can be sustained except by the production of evidence in favour of the rival readings "light" and "air" from some manuscript of equal authority; whereas I shall show that they cannot be proved to have ever existed in any autograph MS. of Shelley's. There are good reasons for believing that both "earth" and "might" stood in the poem from the very first. At the time of its production, Shelley's imagination was dwelling on the warmth and geniality of the earth. We do not know the precise day of its composition, but this, being a day in December, 1818, cannot have been remote from December 22, when Shelley, writing to Peacock on the Protestant cemetery at Rome, enumerates, among other things which had impressed him there, "the soil which is stirring in the sun-warm earth." It was nearly a month since he had visited it, and yet the impression remained with him. How natural that it should have found its way into his contemporary verse! Previously to its discovery in MS., the reading "earth" for "air" had been suggested as an emendation by an accomplished critic, the Rev. Robert Aris Wilmott.

The evidence that "might" occurred in the original draft is of a different nature, but equally powerful. It appears in the fragment printed by Medwin of a copy transcribed by him from one in Shelley's handwriting, which included the obviously primitive reading "blue hills" instead of "blue isles." The occurrence of such a reading as this in a draft is proof positive that the draft was an early one.

The omission of a line in the Posthumous Poems is easily explained, and affords strong confirmation of the reading "might." The transcriber for the press, probably Mrs. Shelley, who in this case would be copying from the MS. now in the Bodleian, inadvertently wrote the final word of the fifth line, "light," instead of that of the fourth line, "might"; and then, knowing that "light" did not terminate two consecutive lines, and thus misled into thinking that she had copied the fifth line, omitted it entirely. When the poem was reprinted in the first authorised edition of Shelley's works the missing line was supplied, not from the MS., but from Ascham's and other pirated editions, which, strangely enough, had been able to restore it with the reading "air" for "earth," while following the Posthumous Poems in printing "light" for "might." They probably had access to a manuscript copy, but it would be impossible to show that this was in Shelley's writing.

It may also be urged that, while the employment of "light" as an end-word in two consecutive lines may be "very tolerable," a third occurrence of the identical sound in the shape of the last syllable of *delight* at the end of the seventh line is "not to be endured," and would alone lead Shelley to alter the reading, if it indeed stood in his first draft. An alteration made on such a ground would not be revoked. Further, the epithet "transparent" as applied to ordinary daylight is transparently otiose; can the light of noontide be opaque?

I do not, however, mainly rest the case of the readings introduced by me upon considerations of this nature, but rather upon the sound critical principle that the testimony of a manuscript in the author's own hand, especially when, as in the present instance, written with unusual care and neatness, is preferable to the supposed evidence of a hypothetical manuscript of whose origin and condition we know nothing, and whose very existence is not demonstrable.—I remain, dear sir, very truly yours,

R. GARNETT.

Hampstead, February 10.

The New Books of the Month.

JANUARY 15TH TO FEBRUARY 15TH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

ALEXANDER, S. A., M.A.—The Mind of Christ, 6s. (John Murray)

Anselm, The Devotions of Saint, Archbishop of Canterbury. Edited by Clement C. J. Webb, M.A. Library of Devotion Series. 2s. ..... (Methuen)

BARRY, ALFRED, D.D., D.C.L.—The Position of the Laity in the Church, 2s. 6d. net.

Dr. Barry's volume is one in the "Church's Outlook" Series, and it touches a vital problem in modern religion. Speaking with knowledge and experience, also with broad-mindedness and insight, the author impresses on his readers the responsibility of the laity, and while giving them history of the Church's past, gives them counsel and warning as to the Church's future.

BATTERSBY, L.—The Salvation of God, 2s. ..... (A. H. Stockwell)

A sensible, clearly expressed volume on the Divine gifts, and man's necessary condition for their reception. The forcible treatment of the subject of Salvation, and the serious insistence on the necessity of it, are evidently the outcome of courageous faith and strong conviction added to a kindly nature, open-eyed to the potentialities and the trials of humanity.

EWING, REV. J. W., M.A., B.D.—The Undying Christ, and Other Sermons, 1s. net ..... (A. H. Stockwell)

FURSE, VEN. C. W., M.A.—The Beauty of Holiness. Introduction by Rt. Rev. James Macarthur, D.D., Bishop of Bombay. 7s. 6d. net ..... (John Murray)

GAIRDNER, SIR W. T., K.C.B., M.D.—The Three Things that Abide, 1s. 6d. ..... (Hodder and Stoughton)

GANT, FREDERICK JAMES, F.R.C.S.—What a Piece of Work is Man! 2s. 6d. ..... (Elliot Stock)

GARNIER, J.—The Secret of the Cross, 1s. net ..... (Elliot Stock)

INQUISITOR.—Fiat Lux, 6s. ..... (Sonnenschein)

Eighteen "outspoken essays in theology and criticism." Some idea of their scope may be gathered from their titles: "The Shiftings of Religious Opinion," "The Mission of the So-called Heretics," "After Death—What?" "Incarnation as Limitation," "The Divine Being a Postulate." The essays are written in no flaring, dictatorial spirit; they are suggestive rather than dogmatic, and contain much serious thought.

Looking Backward and Looking Forward. Sermons by Various Ministers. 1s. net ..... (A. H. Stockwell)

ROBERTSON, JOHN, LL.D.—A Book of Illustrations. For Preachers and Teachers. 1s. 6d. ..... (A. H. Stockwell)

ST. CLAIR-TISDALL, REV. W., M.A., C.M.S.—The Noble Eightfold Path, 6s. ..... (Elliot Stock)

This volume is composed of the James Long Lectures for 1900—1902, in which the author deals very fully, impartially, and reasonably with the subject of Buddhism. Such a just, moderate, and scholarly estimate must carry weight. Buddhism, the author protests, is here dealt with at its best; here are the doctrines taught by Buddha himself, and here is Buddhism compared with Christianity. We give genuine praise to the thoroughness and seriousness of this examination of the philosophy which has been such an immense influence in the East for so many centuries, with its apparently great aims offering, yet lacking, so much.

FICTION.

ALEXANDER, L. C.—The Wife Sealers, 6s. ..... (Grant Richards)

Mr. Alexander informs his readers that he "thinks it right to explain that he is not, himself, a Mormon, and that this story is in no way founded upon fact." We do not know that the verisimilitude of the story rendered this "Prefatory Note" necessary, but Salt Lake City has been receiving a certain amount of attention lately, and it may be wise to take precautions when big affairs are woven into fiction as they are in the story of "The Wife Sealers," where the very saints of Utah are said to have offered £10,000 for one of the handsomest men in England, alive or dead. Mr. Alexander has produced a very full and sensational story; his syllables are many, but his method of managing his villains and their villainies is sharp, concise, and telling, and his material is unhackneyed.

BALFOUR, ANDREW.—The Golden Kingdom, 6s. (Hutchinson)

BENNETT, ARNOLD.—The Gates of Wrath ..... (Chatto)

A thoroughly exciting, sensational novel—Mr. Bennett himself calls it "A Melodrama"—which, within its own lines, is quite successful. The story opens in a private drawing-room of the Hotel Cecil, where a young man, comparatively poor, comes to fetch his supremely beautiful bride-elect, and from whence, escorted by an extremely beautiful mother-in-law-elect and a suave friend of the same, Dr. Colpus, he goes forth to be married, at the Registry Office. This seems simple enough; but the underlying fact is that the bridegroom has a legal right to some millions of money, which the trio conclude he does not know of. When, after a prudent interval, they inform him of his fortune, he for his own good reasons refuses to touch it. Then events begin to happen, and the book is read quickly.

BETHAM-EDWARDS, M.—A Humble Lover, 6s. (Hurst and Blackett)

BOSVILE, GODFREY.—Hunting in Couples, 2s. 6d. (Sonnenschein)

BUCKLEY, WILLIAM.—"Croppies Lie Down." A Tale of Ireland in '98. 6s. ..... (Duckworth)

BULLOCK, SHAN F.—The Squireen, 6s. ..... (Methuen)

BURGIN, G. B.—The Shutters of Silence, 6s. ..... (John Long)

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COMPTON, HERBERT.—A Scourge of the Sea. Illustrated. (Everett)

COMPTON, HERBERT.—The Wilful Way, 6s. ..... (Chatto)

Mr. Compton's hero, finding the tangle of his life complicated beyond his powers of straightening, not only welcomes the chance of dying to the world (and securing his insurance money), but elects to go on living in another man's shoes and go on carrying forward another man's schemes. The schemes are connected with a sum of fifty thousand pounds, and the persons who come into them are occasionally more scheming than the chief schemer. The narrative goes quickly, is fresh, exciting, and amusing. The hero finally finds himself in his own shoes again, with a wife, a competency, and a few little matters that need explaining. We who read find that we have been genuinely entertained.

COOK, ALEC.—The Parish Doctor, 6s. ..... (John Long)

CROMIE, ROBERT, AND T. S. WILSON.—The Romance of Poisons, 3s. 6d. ..... (Jarrold)

CROMMELIN, MAY.—Crimson Lilies, 6s. ..... (John Long)

DAVENPORT, ARNOLD.—By the Ramparts of Jezreel, 6s. (Longmans)

ELKINGTON, E. WAY.—The Lucky Shot, 1s. ..... (Treherne)
Messrs. Anthony Treherne and Co. are endeavouring to revive the old "yellow-back novel," at the price of one shilling instead of two. They make a start with a lively story of New Zealand life, which includes riding, buck-jumping, pig-sticking, money troubles, and love. There is plenty of movement in the tale; the Irish servant proves not only his humour but his devotion, and the hero saves the family fortunes in the nick of time.
FORREST, R. E.—The Sword of Azrael, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
FORSTER, R. H.—The Last Foray, 6s. ..... (John Long)
GORDON, JULIEN.—World's People, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
GOWING, MRS. AYLMER.—By Thames and Tiber, 6s. (John Long)
GRIFFITH, GEORGE.—The World-Masters, 6s. ..... (John Long)
HORNIMAN, ROY.—The Living Buddha, 6s. ... (Fisher Unwin)
KERNAHAN, MRS. COULSON.—An Unwise Virgin, 6s. (John Long)
KILMARNOCK, LORD.—Ferelith, 6s. ..... (Hutchinson)
LEES, ROBERT JAMES.—The Car of Phœbus, 6s. (John Long)
LE QUEUX, WILLIAM.—The Seven Secrets, 6s. ... (Hutchinson)
LETTS, E. F., AND M. F. S.—Nicholas Mosley, Loyalist (Henry J. Drane)
Mabinogion, The. Translated by Lady Charlotte Guest. Temple Classic. 1s. 6d. net ..... (Dent)
MACKENZIE, W. A.—The Glittering Road. With Illustrations. 6s. ..... (Ward, Lock)
MAKGILL, GEORGE.—Outside and Overseas, 6s. ... (Methuen)
MEADE, MRS. L. T.—Rosebury, 6s. ..... (Chatto)
NESBIT, E.—The Red House, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
If it were only for the reason that in the Red House we again glimpse our old friends "The Bastables"—the "Wouldbegoods"—the chronicles of the Red House would be well worth reading. But the Bastable children are quite subservient in this volume, for this is the history of the early married life of Len. and Chloe (whose surname we never dream of needing to know, we are so intimate with them from the beginning), and of their sudden forsaking of "The Bandbox," where they had first settled themselves with their new furniture and their wedding presents, for the big Red House of nine-and-twenty rooms and many dilapidations, bequeathed by an uncle. The book begins with a quarrel, a pretty little quarrel, about a shaving brush and a pink satin handkerchief sachet; it ends (the book, not the quarrel) with a cradle containing a baby and surrounded by the "Wouldbegoods." All that comes between is of the amusing, tender, vivacious style, in which the author is an adept—the style which leads so many readers, when they have finished the last chapter, to turn to the first page and begin all over again, and say of the pictures, "Pretty; but not half pretty enough for Chloe."
NORRIS, FRANK.—The Pit, 6s. ..... (Grant Richards)
NORRIS, W. E.—Lord Leonard the Luckless, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
PENNY, MRS. FRANK.—A Mixed Marriage, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
PLATTS, W. CARTER.—The Crickleton Chronicles. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. ..... (Jarrold)
"Crickleton's strong point seems to be 'happenings.' There is always something happening at Crickleton, and the place is not too big for nearly everybody to hear of it." Some of the "happenings" at Crickleton, more especially those which centred round the courtship of the newly-returned cow-boy who loved the daughter of the squire, are told by Mr. Carter Platts with much of the ease and point which marked the work of Max Adeler. The book does not aim at being subtly humorous; it is just frankly diverting, and should prove an unmixed blessing to many bored persons on wet afternoons.
RANDAL, JOHN.—Aunt Bethia's Button, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
REED, MYRTLE.—Lavender and Old Lace, 6s. ..... (Putnams)
ROBERTS, MORLEY.—The Promotion of the Admiral, and Other Sea Comedies, 3s. 6d. ..... (Eveleigh Nash)
ROBERTSON, PETER.—The Seedy Gentleman, $1.50 net (Stevens and Brown)
ROSEGGER, PETER.—The Earth and the Fulness Thereof. Authorised Translation by Frances E. Skinner. 6s. (Putnams)
SERGEANT, ADELINE.—Anthea's Way, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
Anthea Hamilton read moral stories at the age of eleven, and was imbued with many rigid notions of right and wrong, and a belief in self-sacrifice considered unhealthy in the natural male or female of tender years. The old-fashioned writers of moral tales, however, knew something of plastic nature, and Anthea, sloughing the spirit of unnecessary self-martyrdom with her 'teens, grew up courageous, large-hearted, and honest, without the morbidity. Her "way" was generally the right way; and her loyalty to, and her dealings with, her variedly amusing brothers and sisters, her staunchness to "Black Mally," the gipsy child about whom hung a story which crossed Anthea's own life-story, her pluck when things hurt, and her sensible behaviour in avoiding silliness merely for the sake of self-sacrifice, leave us glad when her "way" proves to be the way to a happy ending. The story is at times unequal in merit; but much of it is decidedly good, and the whole forms a bright, pleasant tale, with capital touches of observation in the minor characters.
SEYMOUR, CYRIL.—The Magic of To-morrow, 6s. ... (Chatto)
SILVER, R. NORMAN.—The Golden Dwarf, 6s. ..... (Jarrold)
TURNER, REGINALD.—The Steeple, 6s. ..... (Greening)
WILKIE, J.—The Vision of Nehemiah Sintram, 2s. 6d. (Elliot Stock)
YORKE, CURTIS.—Because of the Child. With Sequel. 3s. 6d. (Jarrold)
Curtis Yorke captured some thousands of delighted readers when the first part of this story appeared, some time back; for the small heroine, Dot Fraser,—occupier, with her father, of the top rooms of Mrs. Lambe's lodging-house—appealed to them as she appealed to Jocelyn, the artist, who occupied the suite of rooms below. Jocelyn adopted her when the father died, and the child's life in the studio—where Jocelyn painted pictures of ladies with purple hair and green shadows about their eyes, and entertained his friends—is gaily and touchingly described. Now that a second part is added to this "story without a plot," Dot's former lovers will like to meet her again at eighteen. Dot is worth meeting at eighteen; but it is possible that, when all is said and done, those who knew her from seven to ten will still have a weakness for seven to ten as a period—in the case of Dot, at any rate, conservatism being a primal instinct. As, however, there were bound to be unsatisfactory feelings in a reader's mind as to Dot's happiness when her "adopted mother" joined the party, it is pleasant to leave the young lady finally in a home of her own.

NEW EDITIONS.

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BRADDON, M. E.—Hostages to Fortune, 6d. ..... (Newnes)
CRAIG, J. DUNCAN, D.D.—Bruce Reynell, M.A. (Locum Tenens), 3s. 6d. ..... (Elliot Stock)
DICKENS, CHARLES.—David Copperfield. Coronation Series. 1s. 6d. and 2s. net ..... (Treherne)
HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL.—The Scarlet Letter. Introduction by Percy Dearmer. Little Library Series. 1s. 6d. net. (Methuen)
HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL.—The Scarlet Letter. World's Classics Series. 1s. net ..... (Grant Richards)
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POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

DAVIDSON, JOHN.—The Knight of the Maypole. A Comedy. 5s. net ..... (Grant Richards)
DUM-DUM.—"In the Hills," and Other Views (Thacker and Co.)
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EWING, THOMAS, JUN.—Jonathan. A Tragedy. 4s. (Funk and Wagnalls)
That the story of Jonathan, in the Old Testament, contains elements of tragedy is undoubted, also it is true of Jonathan that "he interested the Biblical narrator mainly as a factor in the feuds between the great rivals." Mr. Ewing in this "Tragedy" has worked out Jonathan's story with the idea of placing the prince more in the forefront of affairs in those fierce times, showing how the tragic situation must needs affect him closely; showing, too, the fineness of the character of Saul's son and David's friend. It is an ambitious attempt.
MAQUARIE, ARTHUR.—The Art and Life Sonnets. (L'Arte Della Stampa, Florence)
MAY, T. H. DELABERE, M.A.—The Æneid of Virgil. Literally rendered into English Blank Verse. 2 vols. 5s. net. (David Nutt)
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A bright little piece of original play-writing. One of the "Carpet Plays" by the "Dr. Caius" of the revived "Merry Wives of Windsor."
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Mr. Ramsay sings of London's characteristics, and really seems to love the much-abused city. Royal Exchange chimes and hansom bells and the din of traffic and the lives that are lived in East and West, all give him thought. His songs are not all of London, however, for he possesses the poet's gift of feeling poetry in everything, and the result of this is tuneful and sincere, and admirably free from exaggeration.

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FORREST, G. W., C.I.E.—Cities of India, Past and Present. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net ..... (Constable)

The contrast between the India of fifty years ago and the India of to-day, which has been so impressive during the past months, is seldom seen more clearly than in this well-expressed volume. The author, one who by study, avocation, affection, and taste can speak on the subject with authority, in fifteen chapters gives the story of fifteen Indian cities, touching on the persons and events most chiefly connected with them, the buildings, the scenes of the past, the views of the present, and the Eastern charm and slow enchantment of the whole. The stories of Lucknow, Delhi, Cawnpore, and other spots draw us, after these fifty years, with the same sorrow for the tragedy and the same reverence for the heroism. "The story of the Mutiny is the prose epic of our Indian Empire," says Mr. Forrest, "and those who read it in the right spirit will find something beyond cruel atrocities, exciting adventures, or battle-scenes." True; and these chapters do not dwell over-much on the horrors, though the story of many an Indian city is, to our sorrow, the story of "that great agony of our race." The travel-sketches of Bombay, Surat, Agra, Delhi, and the rest, are wise, bright pieces of writing, giving many sound conclusions, imparting much information, showing various sides of city life, and luring us back quite naturally to the ever-absorbing volumes of Kaye and Malleson. No one can read "Cities of India" without a feeling of trust in the author; impartiality, accuracy, care, and literary excellence distinguish the book, and at the same time we know that the romance and the under-currents of the East are never lost on the author.

GARDNER, ERNEST ARTHUR.—Ancient Athens. With Illustrations. 21s. net ..... (Macmillan)

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MEDCALF, J.—Lincolnshire in History. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock)

MAUCLAIR, CAMILLE.—The French Impressionists (1860—1900). Translated from the French by P. G. Konody. 2s. net ..... (Duckworth)

It was a happy decision of Messrs. Duckworth to include a translation of Camille Mauclair's writing on the French Impressionist School in their Popular Library of Art. It is a school which, in spite of the sarcasm of artists in, and appreciators of, other styles, and in spite of the even worse hurt done it by the inartistic exaggerations of would-be imitators, cannot justly be ignored. M. Mauclair, in small space, sums up sympathetically and lucidly, and with a commendable amount of detail, considering that limitation of space, the aims, ideas, individualities, and accomplishments of a band of painters who have persevered, in the face of scorn, poverty, ridicule, and much difficulty. The names of Manet, Renoir, Degas, and many another will give some idea of the interest of this miniature volume, an interest which is doubled by the reproductions from rare photographs which illustrate it.

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

MARCH, 1903.

MOSS, R. WADDY, D.D.—The Scene of Our Lord's Life, 1s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton)

SHUCKBURGH, E. S., Litt.D.—Augustus. The Life and Times of the Founder of the Roman Empire. Illustrated. 16s. (Fisher Unwin)

STALEY, EDGCUMBE, B.A.—Watteau and his School. Illustrated. 5s. net ..... (Bell)

It would be a comparatively easy task for any genuine art lover to write merely interestingly of Watteau, for the name of Watteau, perhaps, more than that of any other painter, immediately conjures up a picture of life, light, delicacy, and uniqueness, a style at once new, inspired, masterly, a power which draws delighted words from any admirer. But Mr. Staley's volume contains much more than interesting writing. Watteau's art is not only admired, it is intelligently and thoroughly understood by him; and not only the art, but the man, in all his changes, influences, environments, and in his strong individual, original genius. Watteau, his birth and learning, his work and the revelation of it, his inspiration, and his followers,—"Our incomparable Watteau," as Pater calls him. "He was always a seeker after something in the world that is there in no satisfying measure"—all these are among the subjects of these twelve chapters. Added to this chronicle is a list of his paintings and those of his pupils. With so many fine examples of the artist's work within our reach, this volume, as an interpreter of his power and feeling, should prove extremely popular.

Stuart Tracts, 1603—1693. With an Introduction by C. H. Firth. 4s. net ..... (Constable)

TERRY, CHARLES SANFORD.—The Young Pretender, 3s. 6d. (Methuen)

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